

Just Publish'd.

THE Third Edition in Pocket Volumes of the History of the Lives of the most noted Highway-men, Foot-pads, House-breakers, Shop-lifts and Cheats, of both Sexes in and about *London*, and other Places of *Great-Britain*, for above fifty Years last past. Wherein their most secret and barbarous Murders, unparell'd Robberies, notorious Thefts, and unheard of Cheats, are expos'd to the Publick. By Captain *Alexander Smith*. In Three Volumes. Sold by *J. Morphew* near *Stationer's-Hall*, and *A. Dodd* without *Temple-Bar*.

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THE
SCHOOL of VENUS,
OR,
Cupid restor'd to Sight
BEING
A HISTORY
OF
CUCKOLDS
AND
Cuckold-makers,

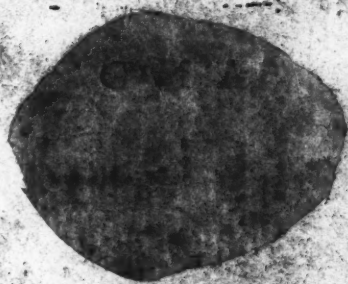
Contain'd in an Account of the Secret Amours
and pleasant Intrigues of our *British* Kings, Noble-
men, and others; with the most incomparable
Beauties, and famous Jilts, from HENRY the
Second, to this present Reign.

The whole interspersed with curious Letters of Love
and Gallantry.

By Capt. ALEXANDER SMITH.

L O N D O N:

Printed and sold by *J. Morphew* near Stationers-Hall,
and *E. Berington* without Temple-Bar, 1716.



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The PREFACE.

THE following Sheets containing the Secret History of the Lives and Amours of the most celebrated Beauties of the Female Sex, who have been the admired Mistresses or Concubines of Kings, Princes, Dukes, Earls, Lords, and other eminent Persons, from Fair *Rosamond* down to this present Age, we have great Hopes will find a favourable Entertainment among all such active Spirits as are inclin'd to Love and Gallantry. As the Subject is wholly Amorous, the Style, where requisite, is very soft, smooth, and passionate, without any mixture of Obscenity; and therefore, the chastest Virgin, though a *Vestal*, or pious Recluse in a *Christian* Nunnery, may safe-

The P R E F A C E.

ly read it, without danger of seducing a Religious Probationer of Heaven : For hereby seeing the sudden Rise and strange Fall of Women, who have proclaim'd themselves open Enemies to Chastity, a miserable *Catastrophe* oftner attending them than Prosperity, it plainly indicates that Vice stands not on the same Level with Virtue, which always is its own Reward. The Sin of unlawful Love, had its Nativity with the first Infancy of the World ; and, without doubt, will have no *Exit* till the grand Revolution of this terrestrial Fabrick, when all Mankind shall be *chang'd* (as the great Apostle of the *Gentiles* tells us) *in the twinkling of an Eye*. Without reciting foreign Instances, we have domestick Precedents enough to declare the ill Effects of Adultery and Fornication ; too often producing the
dismal

The P R E F A C E.

dismal Consequence of Murder, Bloodshed, and Destruction of Families, by entailing on them Poverty and the foul Disease. The wisest of 'all Men gives a Harlot a true Character, when he says, *The Lips of a strange Woman drop as an Honey-comb, and her Mouth is smoother than Oil. But her end is bitter as Wormwood, sharp as a two-edged Sword. Her Feet go down to Death: Her Steps take hold on Hell.*

Though the Mistresses of some Kings have been successful in their lewd Intrigues, and have obtain'd good Estates for themselves and their Heirs for ever; yet hath Fair Rosamond, Jane Shore, and the Concubines of many crown'd Heads, been as unfortunate. 'Tis true, the Fair Sex are many times deluded with a Prospect of Honour and Glory, and thereupon many pretended Lovers, in the

The P R E F A C E.

Jollity of their Tropes, using to canonize their Mistresses with a seeming Consecration of their Persons, the deluded Saints at last are by moral Addresses degraded into the worst of Women. Perhaps, some, who peruse this History, may say the Author is some — and bubbled Cully, who in revenge of his Injuries receiv'd from some unkind Females, is pleas'd to expose them for Satisfaction of his own Humour ; but indeed such Sentiments, are false in the superlative Degree, for though I have a mortal Antipathy against Harlots, for their Impudent Manners, yet I would not be thought to be so satyrical as to vent my Spleen against the whole Sex of Women, for the sake of exposing such among 'em who are really Bad. Now as I have made this ingenious Confession, farther give me
leave

THE PREFACE.

leave to tell my Reader, That, a Strumpet is the Highway to the Devil; and he that looks upon her with Desire, begins his Voyage: He that stays to talk with her mends his pace; and whosoever enjoys her, is at his Journey's end. Her Body is the tilted Lees of Pleasure, dask'd over with a little Decking to hold Colour; but tast her she's dead; and falls flat upon the Palate. Her Trade is opposite to any other; for she sets up without Credit; and too much Custom breaks her. The Money that she gets is like a Traytor's, given only to Corrupt her; and what she earns, serves but to pay Diseases. She is ever moor'd in Sin, and ever mending; and after Thirty, she is the Surgeon's only Customer: Wherefore Shame and Repentance are two Strangers to her; and only in an Hospital acquainted. She lives a Reprobate,

The P R E F A C E.

like *Cain*, still branded; and flies the Face of Justice like a Felon. Her Eyes are like Free-booters, living upon the Spoils or Stragglers; and she baits her Desires with a Million of prostituted Countenances and Entisements; in the Light she listens to Parlies; but in the Dark she understands Signs best. In fine, she's both the Cook and the Meat, as dressing her self all Day, to be tasted with a better Appetite at Night. Besides, her Envy is like that of the Devil, to have all fair Women like her; and because it is impossible they should be so, I mean old, as being young, she hurries them to it by Diseases.

I acknowledge, a Harlot may live a while with her Spark, before she's turn'd a Grazing, as being old; and you'll say, What then? I say, she must turn Bawd; when the Burden of her Song will be

The P R E F A C E.

be like that of old Fryer Bacon's Head ; *Time is, Time was, and Time is past* : In repeating which, she makes a most wicked Brazen Face, and weeps in the Cup, to allay the heat of her poyson'd *Jeneva*. Now she's past her best, her Teeth are falln out ; therefore her Nose (if she has any) and Chin, intend very shortly to be Friends, and meet about it.

But to conclude, my Design in writing this History, is only (as I have already hinted) to demonstrate the great Difference betwixt a chaste Woman and a lewd one ; for Whoredom is a Crime so odious to God and all civiliz'd Men, that whatever Names we may gloss it over with, it hath always been attended with fatal Events ; for Chastity and Lust are such profess'd Enemies to one another, that they can never live together, without shew-
ing

The P R E F A C E.

ing one to be a resplendant Virtue, and the other a raging Vice, more deform'd than Hell. True Love is the Intelligence that gently moves the Soul from innocent Desires to chaste Embraces; but Incontinency is the Devil's Incendiary, which first fires us with unlawful Flames, and then violently hurries us over all the sacred boundaries of Modesty, Justice and Religion, for the weak fondness of a little momentary Pleasure. So I shall say no more, but only hope, that the beautiful Character of Matrimony, will sooner attract the imitation of Chastity; than the Deformity of Lust, invite Persons to the commission of a Sin, which too often imprints its own Punishment on the lascivious Offender; by not only bringing Shame and Disgrace on Man or Woman in this World; but also by making the Criminal in this kind more miserable hereafter. A

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THE SECRET
HISTORY
OF THE
LIVES
OF THE

Most Celebrated BEAUTIES
of the FEMALE SEX, from Fair
ROSAMOND down to the pre-
sent AGE.

Fair Rosamond, Mistress to
King Henry the Second.

THIS Lady, whom you shall
find to be no *Platonne*, in
talking of *Seraphicks* and in-
tellectual Trifles, was the Daughter
of the Lord Clifford, and for certain
B could

could be no *Cherubim*, when 'twas Flesh and Blood made her adoreable by all Mankind. She was the only Child of the aforesaid Peer, and among her numerous Admirers, she had no less a Person than her Sovereign, King *Henry* the Second, whose Heart was so much captivated by her extraordinary Beauty, to which her Wit was not inferior, that nothing could debar him from her Conversation. No Amusement could divert his Thoughts from Commenting on her Charms, insomuch that he could not get rid of his Chains, till fair *Rosamond* had given her Royal Lover some hopes of her Sympathizing with his Passion.

But still the Enjoyment of this Lady in the Folds of Love being wanting to compleat the Monarch's wish'd for Happiness; in his Absence from her he would passionately call to Mind the Sufferings and Vexations, even of the happiest of Lovers, the capricious Humours of Mistresses, Jealousies and Sights; remembring also that the unfortunate Hours do much over-balance the happy ones; and
would

would often say to himself, That if Men, when they begin to Love, were but sensible of the Disappointments, and other Vexations, which are inseparable Companions of Love-Intrigues, they would shun it like Death it self: However, I must Love, because Love makes Mankind out-brave all Misfortunes, and inspires him with noble and great Sentiments, which creates in him an Emulation, and makes him surmount all Difficulties. Indeed the King had many Rivals; but they were always oblig'd to give him the Honour of Precedency in the Affections of Rosamond, who had naturally a great deal of Sprightliness, and was Mistress of a certain Vivacity, which kept a Lover from turning indifferent. This Royal Suitor being a competent Judge of her Merits and Charms, the more he thought of her, the more he was resolv'd to Love her; but the old Lady Clifford being somewhat Jealous of the Amours between Henry and her Daughter, she frequented not the Court as usual, but went into the Country, where Rosamond being deprived of the sight of her Royal Lover,

B 2

ver,

ver, to whom she had given some Assurance of her Respect for him, upon his Promise of laying Crowns and Scepters at her Feet. She oftentimes sent privately Letters to him, which his Majesty highly valu'd, because she wrote as well as she spoke; and spoke beyond any of her Sex then living.

As for the Composure of her Body, her Eyes were large and bleuish, and so full of Lustre, as scarce to be endur'd by her Admirers; Teeth as bright as Pearls; her Bosom and Complexion white, or in Carnation Colour, and of Stature tall, and nicely shaped. On the other Hand, the King was handsome, lovely and young; and what farther recommended him to fair *Rosamond's* Affection, was his good Air and Mien, adorn'd with some Gallantries. Though he had made a glorious Conquest of this young Ladies Heart; yet the Mother being as jealous thereof as *Juno* of *Io*, she still remain'd in the Country, to the great Mortification of the Conqueror, who could not triumph in his Success, till he had her in his own Possession, which Bliss he continually

nually with'd, and as he was invoking
all the Deities of Love to be propi-
tious to his Intrigue, he receiv'd this
Letter from her.

S I R,

MAJ it please your Majesty, to give
me leave to acquaint you, that your
Affection for me pleases me exceedingly,
that I take a Pleasure in seeing you, and
that I can't reflect upon our Separation
without Pain; nor shall I ever forgive
my self if I miss in the Stratagem which
will give me the Opportunity of being at
Court with you to morrow in the Even-
ing.

This was joyful Tidings for the
King, who kist the Letter over and
over, and then lock'd it up in his
Cabinet of choicest Rarities. At the
time appointed fair Rosamond arriv'd
in cognito at Court; where, being pri-
vately introduc'd into his Majesty's
Presence, he blest the Hour, which
he esteem'd more happy than all the
Days of his Life before; and after
many joyful Embraces of one another,
and going to Bed, to consummate their
Felici-

Felicity, the eager Vigour of the young Prince made her lonely Tune the Obits of an expiring Virginity. But their Amours coming to the knowledge of Queen *Elia*nor, her Wrath was implacable against *Rosamond*, who was beautiful even to Perfection, and appear'd with no less Magnificence than if she was a Queen herself. To pacify the Anger of his Royal Consort, he sent his beloved *Rosamond* to one of his Palaces in the Country, which was richly furnish'd for her Reception; but nevertheless he kept her Picture in his Bed-Chamber; the Sight whereof provok'd *Elia*nor, as much as the incomparable Beauty it represented made the Wounds of his bleed afresh for her Absence.

Whilst *Rosamond* was in this Country Retirement, a Nobleman, who was one of her old Lovers, attempted to make her a Visit, and with great Difficulty getting Admission into her Presence; he no sooner beheld her, but he fell into so deep a Swoon, that she thought he would never have recover'd himself. Being
strangely

strangely surpriz'd at so unexpected an Accident ; she was going to cry out for help, when he beg'd to afford him a few moments Audience. Accordingly, having taken a Seat near him, he look'd in her Face for some time longer, without being able to find Words he thought suitable to express the Violence of his Passion. The Charmer attributed his Silence to his Weakness ; for, knowing him a Man of Wit and Sense, and who had the easiest way in the World of expressing his Thoughts, she judg'd that nothing could puzzle him upon that Account. But Respect and Fear are the inseparable Companions of Love ; and these two are sufficient to make the boldest Man upon Earth the greatest Coward. At last, overwhelm'd with Grief and Vexation, he said, *Is it possible, Madam, that whilst I am condemn'd to be unhappy for ever, I must continue to adore you, without the least Hopes ? When I first beheld you, your Eyes gave me such irresistible Wounds, which pierc'd my Heart in a thousand Places. But alas ! what Reason was there to entertain you*

with a Passion so violent, as made my Sufferings almost insupportable? As you increased in Beauty, so my Love grew more violent: I paid you a thousand Homages in private, I sent forth a thousand Sighs, but your Scorn and Cruelty reject-ed 'em all. Though the King has unlawfully had the first rifling of your Virgin Treasures, yet do you open afresh my Wounds, which I would be glad to heal'd by making you my own in Marriage. 'Tis true his Majesty is superior to me in Estate or Birth; but then he does not come near me in Love; for mine is Honourable, and would endure till Death. Fair Rosamond reply'd, with a fierce Air, enough to strike him dead, Know, Sir, that I reproach my self, for having suffer'd you to speak so long; but as the Novelty of the Thing surpriz'd me, so it has made me altogether silent. I leave you, and forbid you ever to speak to me again. With these Words and a most disdainful Look, she flew out of the Room, leaving him under the most cruel Torments 'that ever he felt in his Life. He storm'd, and rav'd, and swore, till at last his Rage incited him to lay violent Hands on him.

himself, by running his Sword thro' his Heart. Most surprizing Effects of Love! This Passion Reigns with so uncontrollable a Power over our Hearts, that nothing else is left us to appease it; and we see the greatest Heroes betray their Frailty in this kind, no less than the meanest Peasant.

Her next Visiter was the Queen, who entering her Chamber, just as she was going to Bed, with an Intention to Stab her with a naked Poniard which was in her Hand; she escaped the fatal Stroke by nimbly flying from her Fury, cover'd only with a Night-Gown, in Slippers, and without Stockings. In this manner she rid behind a Gentleman strait to the King's Palace at *Westminster*, where she enter'd his Room in a great Consternation. His Majesty being awaken'd at the Noise, opens his Curtains; but never was a Man more surpriz'd than he, to see fair *Rosamond* almost naked, coming into his Chamber at that time of the Night, being then about 12 of the Clock; and when he supposed she had

B 5

been

had been in the Country. It run in his Head she was dead, and came to communicate something to him : If, said he to himself, our Souls have a perfect Knowledge of what passes after the Separation from our Bodies, she has discover'd the very bottom of my Heart, which adores her above all the Women in the World, and traced the indeliable Characters she herself has engraven there, and she still pitches upon me, before all the rest that loved her, as him who loved her most. But besides, that as he had but a slender Faith in Spirits, he could not conceive how Rosamond could appear so handsome after she was dead ; he saw the Sprightliness of her Eyes, the Lustre of her Complexion, her fair Hair, some Locks whereof hung out under her Head-Cloths ; her Majestick Air, and heard her own Voice, which at once reach'd his Ears and his Heart ; all these were such lively Circumstances, as had no Relation to a dead Person. However he was still amazed, till she came flying into his Arms ; and then telling him the great Danger she had escaped, he there protect-

ed her, in spite of his Queen's Displeasure.

She had a Mansion, at the West-End of St. James's Park, built near that small Canal call'd *Rosamond's Pond*, from her usual recreating herself thereabouts in an Evening; but now length of time hath left no sign of that Residence; and afterwards giving her the Palace of *Woodstock* in *Oxfordshire*, built by King *Henry* the First. This King *Henry* the Second enlarg'd it with a Labyrinth, containing many inextricable Windings, backward and forward: In this Place fair *Rosamond* was kept whilst his Majesty went to the Wars in *France*; and then Queen *Elienor*, full of Rage and Jealousy, going to *Woodstock Bower*, where she found her Husband's Concubine, by a Clew of Thread or Silk, which the fair one had accidentally let fall; she compell'd her to drink Poyson, of which she died, to the unspeakable Grief of the King, who detested his Queen ever after; whose Cruelty; and *Rosamond's* Tragical End, is very prettily exprest in the following Lines.

com

compos'd by the Ingenious Mr. Addison, in the Second Act of his Opera made on that unfortunate Lady; where making *Elianor* to enter with a Bowl in one Hand and a Dagger in the other, she thus speaks:

Queen. Prepare to welter in a Flood
Of streaming Gore. [Offering a Dagger.

Rosa. O! spare my Blood,
And let me grasp the deadly Bowl. [Takes
the Bowl in her Hand.

Queen. Ye Pow'rs, how Pity rends my Soul!
[Aside.

Rosa. Thus prostrate at your Feet I fall:
O let me still for mercy call. [Falling on her
Knees.

Accept, great Queen, like injur'd Heaven,
The Soul that begs to be forgiven:
If in the latest gasp of Breath,
If in the dreadful Pains of Death,
When the cold Damp bedews your Brow,
You hope for Mercy, shew it now.

Queen. Mercy to lighter Crimes is due;
Terrors and Death shall thine pursue. [Offering
the Dagger.

Rosa. Thus I prevent the fatal Blow.
[Drinks.

Whither, Ah! whither shall I go?

Queen.

Queen. *Where thy past Life thou shalt lament,
And wish thou hadst been innocent.*

Rosa. *Tyrant ! to aggravate the Stroke,
And wound a Heart, already broke !
My dying Soul with Fury burns,
And slighted Grief to Madness turns,
Think not thou Author of my Woe,
That Rosamond will leave thee so.*

*At dead of Night,
A glaring Spright,
With hideous Screams,
I'll haunt thy Dreams,*

*And when the painful Night withdraws,
My Henry shall revenge my Cause.
Oh ! whether does my Frenzy drive,
Forgive my Rage, your Wrongs forgive.
My Veins are froze, my Blood grows chill,
The weary Springs of Life stand still,
The sleep of Death benumbs all o're
My fainting Limbs, and I'm no more. [Falls
on a Couch.*

Henry the Second had Natural Issue by her, William, Sirnamed Longspur, and Jeffrey, Archbishop of York. She was first buried at Godstow Nunnery, in the midst of the Quire, under a Hearse of Silk, set about with Lights, and having also a Stately Monu-

Monument raised by the King, with
this Epitaph on it :

*Hic jacet in tumba Rosa mundi, non
Rosa munda ;
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere
solet.*

Thus Englished,

*Here lies the World's fair Rose, which
once was sweet,
But faded now, you no such Savour
meet.*

But *Hugh* Bishop of *Lincoln*, thinking their Relicks an unfit Object for Virgins Devotion, he caus'd them to be remov'd into the Church-yard ; however, those chaste Sisters of the Nunnery liked so well the Memory of that kind Lady, that they Translated her Bones again into their Chappel.

Queen

*Queen Isabel and Earl
Mortimer.*

QUEEN *Isabel*, Daughter to *Philip the Fair*, King of *France*, was Wife of *Edward the Second*, King of *England*, by whom she had *Edward of Windsor*, *John of Eltham*, *Joan* Married to *David Bruce*, and *Elianor* Married to *Reynold*, Duke of *Guelder*. The aforesaid *David Bruce* being by the *Scots* chosen their King or Leader, they enter'd *England*, and did much mischief in *Northumberland*. King *Edward* marched against 'em; but in this Expedition many of the Discontented Lords refused to aid him, under pretence that he has delay'd to ratify their Liberties and Charters, through which Defect he receiv'd a great Overthrow near *Bannocksbourn*. But now the Queen, who had hitherto been a Mediatrix between the King and his Barons, being denied a Night's Lodging in one of the Barons Castles, she so highly resented

resented the Affront, that her former good Offices were changed into Studies of Revenge; and in this Humour she labour'd with the King to Ruine those she a little before had sought to protect; and the King easily exasperated, soon consented to pleasure her to his Power; and therefore to cross the Barons, he caused the Judgment against the *Spencers*, his two Privadoes or Favourites to be reversed.

Some of the Delinquent Lords, fearing the Storm that threatned them, submitted to the King, others were taken Prisoners, as the two *Roger Mortimers*, Father and Son, and committed to the Tower; but young *Mortimer* making his Escape out at a Window, and swimming the River of *Thames*, fled beyond the Seas, and joyn'd himself to other Fugitives, and banish'd *English Men*; and not long after the *Spencers* oppressing the Kingdom, and setting the King against the Queen, she, under pretence of Visiting her Father's Court at *Paris*, found means, with her Son *Edward*, to get beyond the Seas,

Seas, and refused, upon the King's sending for her, to return, till she, joining with *Mortimer*, her dear Favourite, and other Lords, raising a considerable Power, and holding Correspondence with the Lords that yet were Disaffected in *England*, landed in a Hostile manner, and marched against the King, who was preparing to oppose her, seizing upon many considerable Towns. The King by these Proceedings finding himself in this Distress, and that the *Londoners*, and many of the Lords had declared against him, setting the Prisoners every where at Liberty, and recalling those that were banish'd, thought it good to avoid coming to Battle; whereupon the Queen, with her Forces, sat down before *Bristol*, took it, and therein *Spencer* the elder, whom she caus'd to be cut up alive, after being dragg'd through the Streets, for the Satisfaction of the People, who mortally hated him. And now the King finding himself in a manner forsaken, fled into *Wales*, and there for a time lay secret in the Abby of *Neath*; but in the end, being

ing discover'd, and with him the younger *Spencer*; the King hereupon was convey'd to *Kenelworth* Castle, and the Lords to *Hereford*, where the Queen lay, and there *Spencer* with one *Reading*, being condemn'd by Sir *William Trussel*, Lord chief Justice on that Occasion, they were hang'd. The Confederates, with Queen *Isabel*, having in this manner imprison'd the King, and not conceiving it safe to set him at Liberty, resolv'd amongst themselves to make *Edward*, his Son, a Prince of about 13 Years of Age, King, and thereupon sent Sir *William Trussel* to the Castle, where the King was Prisoner, to acquaint him with what was intended, which put him into a mortal Agony, from whence being recover'd, he greatly lamented and bewail'd his hard Fate; however *Trussel* being instructed what to do, proceeded to Un-King him in these Words:

I William Trussel, in the Name of all the Men of the Land of England, and of all the Parliament, Procurator, do resign to thee *Edward* the
Homage

Homage that was made to thee some
time; and from this time forward I de-
prive thee and defy thee of all Power
Royal. And I shall never be tendent to
thee, after this time.

Now Edward the Third, though
scarce of sufficient Years of Discre-
tion, to know what belong'd to the
Titles or Rights of Crowns and
Kingdoms, had however more Com-
passion on his afflicted Father, than
the Queen his Mother had on her
Husband; for, young as he was, when
he heard what had happen'd, he
greatly bewail'd his Misfortune,
vowing never to take upon him the
Government, unless the King freely
consented to resign his Scepter
without Compulsion; nor could the
Nobles constrain him to it, but with
Threats that they would utterly re-
ject the whole Line, and choose a
King out of the Nobility, though of
another Family. Upon these Consi-
derations the young King, 8 Days
after his Father's Resignation, was
Crown'd with the usual Ceremonies;
but the old King being yet alive, and
the

the People compassionating his Captivity, his Deposers thought themselves no way secure, especially *Mortimer*, who was suspected to be over familiar with the Queen, and from that time they fell to Plotting his Death; in order to which, *Mortimer* procur'd an Order from the young King to remove him, under Pretences of Friendship and Advantage; but indeed that he might put him into such Hands as he was sure would Dispatch him; and thereupon he was convey'd to *Berkley Castle*, when by the way, for fear he should be rescu'd by the People, who had yet some Remains of Love for him, they set him on a Mole-Hill, in order to Shave him, for the better Disguise, and in an insulting manner told him, That the Water of the next Ditch should accommodate him for that purpose. To which the sorrowful King reply'd, That there should be warm Water, whether they would or no, and thereupon sent forth a Flood of Tears, and being arriv'd at *Berkley Castle*, in the Custody of *Thomas Gurney* and *John Ma-*
travers.

avers, he was murder'd by them in
 most barbarous manner ; for being
 bound to a Bed with his Face down-
 wards, they thrust a hollow Horn
 to his Fundament, and through
 that, to prevent any burning or fear-
 ing in the outward Parts, they thrust
 an Iron Instrument red hot, twisting
 it in his Bowels, till with horrible
 pain and Torment, amidst hideous
 cries and Groans, he expir'd. Now
 the Lord *Mortimer*, and the Queen
 together, having obtain'd their wicked
 ends, they privately convers'd toge-
 ther ; but she being somewhat jealous
 of his Lordship's keeping Company
 with a Lady far younger than she ;
 to make known her Jealousy she sent
 him the following Letter.

*Must acknowledge, when your Lord-
 ship is with me, you speak of your
 sentiments in so engaging a manner,
 that it is a hard matter to withstand
 them ; but they tell me you talk at the
 same rate to other Women ; therefore
 it is impossible for me to be satisfy'd with
 a divided Heart ; and in plain Terms I
 must*

must tell you, I am for either all or nothing.

The Lord Mortimer no sooner read these Lines, but being touch'd to the quick, for fear of the Queen's Displeasure, he presently went to her Lodgings, where casting himself at her Feet, and embracing her Knees at the same time, he said, Pray don't disown me, Madam, who is the most tender and faithful Lover in the World: truly I should die for Grief upon this very spot, had I been guilty of ceasing to love you but for a Moment; the Lady of whom you are jealous, Madam, has not any Pretensions to my Heart, 'tis in your Possession alone, and it owns no Body for its Sovereign but you.

Though these Words made such a deep Impression on her Heart, that she could scarce refrain from shewing her Respect for him; yet to try his Constancy farther, she reply'd in a scornful sort of an Air, mix'd with a seeming Disdain; I would have you believe I hate you; I would have you imagine every thing that may raise your fighting-

fightingness of me; for I prefer your
 conversion before your Tenderness, and be-
 lieve the Misfortune of pleasing you, since
 I am sure you are false. But when he
 told her, These piercing Words, Ma-
 dam, had certainly been present Death,
 I had not been reserv'd for more dun-
 geon Miseries; and before I depart from
 your Presence, give me leave to declare
 I am sensible I was born for Love, and
 where-ever my Heart fixes, as it now has
 to your Majesty only, it hath engag'd too
 far for ever loving another. She could
 not forbear turning her pretended
 resentment into her wanted Favour
 and Familiarity with him, which
 from this time forward encreased
 more and more; but these Lovers
 perceiving Edmund Earl of Kent,
 the King's Uncle, to cross their pur-
 poses, found means to procure his
 death; which so far open'd the Eyes
 of the young King, together with
 the Report, that his Mother was
 slain by Mortimer, as not to
 think himself in Safety till he had
 slaid that Ambitious Man, and
 better to do it, he undertook a
 dangerous Enterprize; for fearing he
 was

was with the Queen at Nottingham Castle, notwithstanding it was strongly guarded, he enter'd in the Night-time, accompanied with a few of his trusty Friends, and by an unsuspected way, which was through a Vault under Ground; coming suddenly into his Mother's Chamber, found *Mortimer* undrest, and ready to go to Bed to her; whereupon he caus'd him to be arrested and carried away Prisoner; and being try'd in open Parliament, he was Condemn'd at *Westminster* upon several Articles, viz. For causing the King to make a dishonourable Peace with the Scots, and taking large Bribes to procure it. For procuring the Death of King *Edward the Second*, and his over Familiarity with Queen *Isabel*. For his oppressing the People by illegal Exactions. And lastly, for embezzling the King's Treasures. And for these and the like, receiving Sentence as a Traytor, he was drawn to *Tyburn*, and there hang'd, and his Body left on the Gallows for the space of two Days and Nights

and with him in the same manner
died Sir *Simon de Bedford* and *John*
Deverel Esq; as Contrivers of King
Edward the Second's Death; and
the Queen had her Pension shorten'd,
the Disgrace whereof, with the Loss
of her Favourite, soon broke her
Heart with Grief; which makes
good these Words of the witty
Poet,

After unlawful Sports, your lustful
Hearts,
Must for lascivious Pleasures dearly
smart.

C

Joan

**Joan, Countess of Salisbury,
Concubine to King Edward
the Third.**

THOUGH King Edward the Third spent much of his Reign in the Wars both against Scotland and France, and was so successful therein as to have the Scotch King, and French King Prisoners at once in England, yet did he find some Intervals for the Pleasures of Love, devoting himself sometimes to *Venus* as well as *Mars*. At first he was somewhat fickle in his Amours, as appears by this Saying to some about him, *I find always the same Disposition in my Heart, I only change the Object, to day a fair Woman, to morrow a black one captivates my Soul, and thus they entangle me each in their Arms*. But at length being much enamoured with Joan, Countess of Salisbury, of extraordinary Beauty, he made Addresses to her; who being sensible of his inconstant Temper, she gave

him no Encouragement to prosecute his Intrigue, which caus'd in him not a little Inquietude and Uneasiness; however, he still coveted her Conversation, and would often say (but upon what Grounds I know not) to those that were privy to his Affairs of Cupid, *There is a great Contest of betwixt Virtue, Reason, and the Inclinations of her Heart, which pleads for me, and that in spite of herself she will Love me at last.*

Nor were the King's hopes grounded in vain, for by a frequent Conversation and solemn Promises of his Fidelity to her, she yielded her Person up to his Royal Embraces. The Eyes of this Countess were full of Lustre, her Features very exact; Deportment full of Nobleness, and the Readiness of her Wit superiour to that of other Ladies at Court. These Charms and Accomplishments fill'd his Majesty's Heart with so much Wonder and Delight, that it was impossible for him to check his growing Inclinations; he found it too powerful to resist 'em, for the Commencements of Love were so

very tempting, that he thought he must renounce being in the Species of Man if he banisht so agreeable a Passion. Truly he was very constant to her, for though several Beauties daily adorn'd his Court, Beauties which did not want Art to recommend 'em, nor make the least Addition to their Charms, yet was this Lady always the sole Object of his Heart; nor could he ever endure to be out of her Company, which shew'd he was an absolute Enemy to the Opinion of a certain Nobleman, living in his Time, who declared, That Dreaming of his Mistress was a greater Transposition to him, than being with her in Person; because, said he, in Dreams the Faculties of the Soul are intent upon that one Object, whereas when awake they are distracted by many various objects which interfere. But in my Opinion this is only embracing of Non-entities, according to this of the Poet,

*Fallacious Dreams about his Temples
flow.*

*But such as charm'd his Fancy, tho'
untrue.*

If one loves in two or three Places, it must be allow'd that Coquetry has a greater Share in it than Love; but after the King had resign'd his Heart to this Lady, the Number of all those Female Charmers, whom he daily saw, and whose greatness of Variety might likewise have obstructed the Freedom of a Man's Wishes for to confess the Truth, yet was not his Resolution stagger'd in the least. Such was his Veneration for the Countess that being with her once at a Ball, where, in Dancing, one of her Garters fell from her Leg, the King took it up; at which some of the Nobles, who were there, smiling, quoth his Majesty, *It shall not be long e'er great Honour be done to this Garter; and from hence proceeded (as some Authors say) the first Institution of that most antient and noblest Knight-hood*

hood in the World call'd, the Order of the Garter, consisting of the Sovereign, and 25 Companions, call'd Knights of the Garter, from their wearing one on the Left Leg, which is Blue, deck'd with Gold, Pearls, and precious Stones, with a Buckle of Gold, and this Motto wrought in it, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, that is, *Harm to him that evil thinks*. And of this Order, since its being first founded in the Year 1350, have been Eight Emperors, above Twenty Foreign Kings, and many more inferior Princes, who formerly were placed according to their Creations, but now according to their respective Degrees.

Others say, which is most likely, that this most noble Order of the Garter was instituted by King Edward the Third to increase Virtue and true Valour in the Hearts of his Nobility; and in Respect to this Lady's Garter, for had it been founded upon her Account, such Fondness of a Woman would have evidently shew'd that there is a darling Passion which all Mankind at one time

or

or another doth espouse and cherish;
yet may we say, there is nothing up-
on Earth so enormous and detestible,
but Love has been the Occasion of it
sometimes; it seldom misses de-
stroying of our Reason, and puts us
upon a Million of Absurdities; it
steals upon us by Degrees, and there
are but few Objects that can affect the
Soul, which don't give it Birth:
However, we must again acknow-
ledge that Love is the powerful and
pleasing Bond of Humane Society,
without it there would be no Fami-
lies, no Kingdoms; but on the o-
ther Hand, we read of an *Alexander*
that sacrificed a whole City to the
Smiles of his Mistress; *Mark Antony*
disputed with *Julius Caesar* for the
Empire of the World, yet chose ra-
ther to be overthrown at *Actium*,
than to be absent from *Cleopatra's*
Arms; and Sacred History tells us
of the good King and Prophet *Da-
vid*, who (notwithstanding he was a
Man fam'd for Prowess, as well as
Piety) basely injur'd *Uriah*, the more
freely to enjoy the lovely Adulteress.
Yet the Fire is pure in itself, 'tis the
Matter

Matter that sends up all the offensive Clouds of Smoak; and if Nature was deprav'd, Love would not cause these Disorders, 'twould not mix Poyson with Wine to destroy a Rival, and through a Sea of Blood wade to its Object: Love is the most formidable Enemy a wise Man can have, and is the only Passion against which he has no Defence; if Anger surprizes him, it lasts not long, for the same Minute concludes as commenc'd it; if by a slow Fire it boyls, he prevents its running over: But Love steals so secretly and sweetly withal, into every corner of our Hearts, that its absolute Master before we can perceive it; when once we discover it we are quite unman'd, he triumphs over our Wisdom, captivates our Reason, and makes 'em both his Vassals to maintain his Tyranny. The first Wounds Beauty makes is almost insensible, and tho' the Poyson spreads through every part, we can hardly perceive we are in Danger; at first we are only pleas'd with seeing the Person we Admire, or talking of 'em, affecting a Compaissance for all they
say

say or do; the very Thinking of them is Charming, and if the Desires of them are Innocent, I think no *Philosopher* can be so rigid as to Condemn us. Love (which, like the Bee, forfeits its Name if it has no Sting) is a lurking Fire, which will quickly burst out; and that pleasing Idea which represented it self so sweetly and respectfully to us the moment before, now insolently intrudes upon our more serious Thoughts; nay, perfidiously betrays us in our very Sleep it self, sometimes appearing Haughty and Scornful, sometimes Yielding and Kind, and that when there is no Reason for either.

This Passion is the greatest of all Passions, for *Cupid* no sooner gives Birth to one, but he stifles it to make room for another, whose Fate is the same, and destroy'd the next moment it's Born; for Hope and Despair, Joy and Grief, Rage and Fear succeed each other: But Kings are generally more successful in their Amours than Men in a lower Sphere; for their Dignity, Pomp and Grandeur are Temptations which will
C 5 bring

bring the Fair to their Embraces
sooner than what others can do; for
as Pride and Ambition too much in-
spire the Female Sex with vain Ima-
ginations, so are they soon seduced
to forfeit their Honour and Virtue
for the meer Trifles of temporary
Pleasures; and though this Countess
arriv'd not to the Title of a Dut-
chess, yet was she so far Mistress of the
King's Heart, that whatever she re-
quested of him was never deny'd, in-
somuch that it was in her Power to
command his Treasure, obtain'd for-
feited Estates, and save the Lives
of Criminals from suffering by the
Sword of Justice, whilst the Royal
Lover liv'd; but he did not long
survive the Death of his dear Son,
commonly call'd the *Black Prince*, thro
the many warlike Actions that at-
tended his incomparable Courage and
Valour with Glory and Success.

Jane Shore, Concubine to Edward
the Fourth.

THE Maiden Name of *Jane Shore* was *Wainstead*, being the only Child of Mr. *Wainstead*, a Merchant of good Figure and Reputation, in *Cheapside* in *London*. She was bred up with all the Care and Tenderneſs which is natural from indulgent Parents to an only Child, and none of the fine Qualifications, which ſerve to recommend young Ladies, as Muſick, Singing and Dancing, were left out of her Education. Beſides, her Father's Trade lying among the Court Ladies, he had frequent Opportunities to ſhew his Daughter the Gallantries and Diversions of the Royal Palace, which made Impreſſions on her witty Fancy, and brought her to diſreliſh the common Shews and Entertainments of the City. As ſhe grew up, ſhe made Improvements in all the parts of Breeding, and ſoon was Miſtreſs of more Wit and good Humour than the reſt of her Sex.

This

This, together with her grateful Mien and pretty Features, drew the Eyes of all Men to take notice of her, which they could not do without doating on her Charms, and fixing her lovely Image in their Souls.

Several great Lords had set their Hearts upon her, and their Heads were at work to get her for a Mistress: Which when her Father perceived, he thought it time to Rescue her from being made a Prey, and sent her to take the Country Air, with a Sister of his, who dwelt at *Northampton*. Here she continu'd for about Twelve Months, which was thought Time long enough for the Passion of Lovers to cool in, and their Enquiries after her to cease, and so she was recall'd again to her Father's House; but Lust and Envy are watchful things: No sooner was she brought to Town, but the Lord *Hastings*, Chamberlain of the Household to King *Edward* the Fourth, had laid a Design to carry her off by Night, in his Chariot; and, in order to effect it, had Brib'd Mr. *Wainstead's* Maid with a Present of Gold, to give him an Opportunity,

portunity, and assist him in the Rape; but the Wench had the Grace to Repent, and discover the Plot in time to her Master, whereby his Intention was prevented. Mr. *Wainstead* was now fully convinc'd, that he could not, without the utmost Hazard, continue his Daughter in a single State, the common Mark of Beaux and Gallants; and, therefore, though she was very young, he was resolv'd to cut off the Hopes of all lewd Pretenders, by throwing her immediately into the Arms of a Husband. Among those that made honourable Love to her, was Mr. *Matthew Shore*, a rich Goldsmith in *Lombard-street*, and a Man of a very fair Character, both for Religion and good Morals. These Considerations determin'd the Father to make Choice of him for her Husband; but *Jane* was not over-fond of the Match; however, the Authority of a kind Father, and the costly Presents of a rich and generous Lover, brought her, at least in appearance, to Consent to it; whereupon their Wedding was solemniz'd with great Pomp and

and Splendor, many Gentlemen and Ladies from the Court, as well as the City, shining at the Marriage Feast, in their most sumptuous Equipage and Attire.

The Lord *Hastings*, who had formerly design'd to Ravish the Bud of this blooming Beauty, was not at all pleas'd to hear she had chang'd her Condition; however, he had not changed his Passion for her: He waited on her to wish her Joy; and being courteously receiv'd, repeated his Visits, and sometimes invited the married Couple to Court, where he entertain'd 'em with every thing desirable. This brought him into great Familiarity and Confidence with 'em, so that he found Opportunities to be alone with Mrs. *Shore*, wherein he fail'd not to prosecute his leud Design, plying her with Presents and fond Discourses, to allure her to transgress her Nuptial-Vow; but she was so very Facetious and Witty, and so baffled him with her quick and smart Replies, that he could make nothing of her; when he flatter'd himself that she was just disposed to
yield

yield to his Embraces, then, to his Confusion, he found himself quite disappointed, and left to despair of ever succeeding. It is reported, that one Day, being alone with her, and resolving to make his last Effort upon her Chastity, he flung her upon a Bed, that stood in the Room, and went about to Force her; but she disengag'd her self from him, and ran to her Husband, telling him plainly what Rudeness the Lord *Hastings* had offer'd to her; which obliged Mr. *Share* to Expostulate modestly with his Lordship, and desire him to forbear making any more Visits at his House.

At this his Lordship was so overwhelm'd with Indignation and Shame, that he vow'd he would be Reveng'd on 'em both, and send such a Rival in his Place, that neither the Husband's Authority, nor the Wife's Chastity should be able to withstand. As we said before, this Lord was Chamberlain of the Household to King *Edward* the Fourth, whose Inclinations to fine Women he understood perfectly well; and considering that

that his tedious Wars and Struggles with the House of Lancaster was now happily ended, and he in quiet Possession of the Crown, and at leisure to attend any pleasing Adventure, he takes a fit Opportunity, when His Majesty was agreeably dispos'd, to give him an Account of his late Entertainments at Mr. Shore's, and how much his Wife excell'd all the Females that ever he had convers'd with in Beauty, Wit, Education, and every Thing that was lovely and desirable in one of her Sex. These Encomiums, made by a florid Orator, on a grateful, young and well-deserving Subject, sensibly touch'd the Heart of a young voluptuous Monarch, who was above the fear of Laws, and had by his early Excesses given Countenance and Reputation to vicious Love. He was impatient to make nearer Approaches to the Fire, which had warm'd his Heart at a distance, and Fame has told us, that he compass'd his End by the following Means: He put himself into the Habit of a Merchant, and with the Attendance of only

only one Servant, with-drew privately from Court, and came to Mr. Shore's House: Finding the good Man busie in his Affairs, he sat down till he was at Leisure, and then desir'd to see some Plate, which was shew'd him, and he soon agreed for a considerable Quantity, under pretence of carrying it with him beyond Sea; but not seeing her, who was the only Reason of his coming hither, and unwilling to depart without his Errand, he fell into Discourse of News and Trade, and several diverting Subjects, till at last they came to the Topick of Matrimony. 'Tis pity (says he) that there is not a Mistress of this fair House; I fancy, Sir, I could fit you with one that is Young, Beautiful, and a very good Fortune. Sir, reply'd Mr. Shore, I give you many Thanks, I am already provided; and thereupon calls down his Wife, who presently appear'd a lovely Creature, not only equal, but superiour to the great Character which the Lord Hastings had given her.

By the Character also we have already given of the King, you may reasonably presume, that a Woman of these rare Qualifications would prove a strong Temptation to him, who was himself a Person of Wit and good Humour; and now having sat a while in full View of Mrs. Shore's irresistible Charms, ravish'd with the Musick of her enchanting Tongue, he unwillingly took his leave, resolv'd at any Rate to purchase the inestimable Jewel, and have the full and free Enjoyment of her. To insinuate himself therefore into her Affections, and draw her to his Arms by fond Allurements, he confers with the Lord *Hastings*; what was best to be done. His Lordship, when he perceiv'd his Master's Concern, told him, with a Smile, He would soon make him easie. There was one Mrs. *Blague*, a Lace-Woman to the Court, who was Mrs. Shore's Neighbour, and intimate Acquaintance; they often Visited, and spent the Evenings together. She was a very industrious Dame, and for Money would Betray not only her best Friend,

Friend, but her own Daughter also. He presented her with a Purse of Gold, and bid her hope for greater Matters, if she would well and faithfully serve her Prince, and then communicated the Affair to her; which she undertook to manage with the utmost Secrecy and Conduct. Shortly after, a splendid *Masque* was presented at Court, and the fair Sex was preparing for it. Mrs. *Blague* undertook, with Mr. *Shore's* Leave, to help his Spouse to a good Place; which Offer she gladly accepted, and (not suspecting the Plot) put her self in a Dress that might vie with the greatest Court Ladies. After much Pastime and Diversion, a Man of an extraordinary Figure stands out to Dance; upon which Mrs. *Shore* heard the Ladies Whisper, *That's the King*. He soon spy'd her through his Vizard, for he knew where to look for her, and stepping to her Seat, took her out for a Partner. When she had perform'd her Part, with great Applause, he places her again in her Seat, slips a Letter into her Hand, and retires. The Entertainment being ended,

ended, she went Home with Mrs. Blague, and the first Opportunity she could get, opens the Letter; which was to acquaint her, That the Person who had lately waited on her, was the King; who humbly condescended to sollicit her Love, which he valu'd above all Things in the World, and offer'd her all the Delights and Pleasures of his Court in Recompence of it. Upon this plain Discovery she was not a little concern'd, and divided in her Thoughts what to do; but advising with her Companion, who was privately Bribed to Betray her: She ply'd her with such Arguments, as incited her to prefer the King before the Goldsmith. Nothing now remain'd for her to do, but to change her Station with as much Secrecy and Silence as she could. Mrs. Blague had given the King Notice of her successful Management for him; who immediately sent a Chariot to her House, to bring off the much desired Prize. Thither Mrs. Shore convey'd her Jewels and chiefest Things, intending not to stay long behind 'em. However, she sat down to Supper

with

with her Husband, and was shewing her self very Complaisant to him; when on a suddain, a Messenger came with a feign'd Errand, *That her Mother was taken very Ill, and must needs speak with her presently.* Her Husband would have gone alone with her, but she found Reasons to leave him at Home; and giving him the last Kiss he ever had of her Lips, with Tears in her Eyes, took her Leave of him. Mrs. Blague went into the Chariot with her, and soon lodg'd this Treasure of Beauty in her Monarch's Arms.

Her forsaken Husband past the tedious Hours till very late at Night, waiting for the Return of his Wife; upon whose continu'd Absence, he grew much troubled and concern'd, and went to seek her at her Mother's House; but she had not seen her all that Day, nor had been Ill, as was pretended: This struck him in a great Consternation, and he ran about from one Relation to another to find her out. All the next Day was spent to as little Purpose; so that the poor Man was almost out of his

his Wits for her, and concluded (from what had formerly been attempted) that she was carried away by some amorous Courtier; but it was not long e'er he had full Assurance given him, that she was entertain'd by the King as a Bedfellow. This put him out of all Hopes of ever recovering her again; and from this Time he quitted her to her Royal Lover, and never had any farther Enjoyment of her. This unhappy Man was thrown into a deep Melancholly by this Misfortune, and became incapable of following his Business; and to Cure his distemper'd Mind went into Foreign Parts, travelling through *Flanders, France, Spain and Turkey*, till he had Spent all that he had. And returning Home, when he thought every Body had forgot him, liv'd Poor, and died Miserably in the Reign of *Henry the Seventh*. At present she was mounted to the highest point of Elevation, that her fond Prince could raise her, excepting only this, that she was not his lawful Queen, whom certainly she eclipsed, as she did also all the rest of his Mistresses; for
who

whosoever had any Favour to sollicite at Court, they made Mrs. Shore their Patroness to the King, as knowing she had the greatest Influence over him, who lov'd her so well, that he could deny her nothing.

But when the fatal Day was come, that King Edward ended his Reign and Life together, his beloved Mistress fell from the Summit of her exalted Station; yet not so, as to plunge at once into that Ocean of Miseries which at last swallowed up all her Joys: It was but an easie Descent at present, from the Crown to the Coronet, from Royal Majesty down to Nobility. You have heard before how the Lord Hastings was in the number of her most early Admirers, and more than once attempted the violently seizing upon that which his Addresses could not obtain; and though he gratified his Revenge, by stirring up the King to carry her effectually from her Husband's Bed, yet this did not make a perfect Cure of his Passion, nor Efface the bewitching Image which she had imprest upon his Heart. He did in-

indeed contain himself, and keep at a due Distance from her, during the King's Life, either out of Reverence to his Royal Master, or from a pure Principle of Fidelity and Honesty; but upon his Decease, he renewed his old Offer of Kindness to her, was accepted, and so took her Home to himself; which afterwards involv'd her in his Ruine, and sunk her to the lowest degree of Wretchedness.

King *Edward* being dead, and King *Richard* the Third aspiring to the Crown, by the Murther of his Brother's Sons; he also compass'd the Death of the Lord *Hastings*, the Friend of *Jane Shore*. Then the Usurper accusing her of *Whoredom*, she was deliver'd over to the Bishop of *London* to do publick Pennance for her Incontinency, in the Cathedral of *St. Paul*, which she accordingly perform'd the next *Sunday* Morning, by being cloath'd in a white Sheet, and brought by way of Procession, with the Cross carry'd before her, and a Wax-Taper in her Hand to *St. Paul's* from the Bishop's Palace adjoyning, through great Crouds of People, who

came

came to gaze on her; and there standing before the Preacher, she acknowledged, in a set Form of Words, her notorious Uncleanness, and declared her Repentance of it. Now this mean, contemptible, helpless Woman is thrown down from the Palace to the Prison, reduc'd from the highest Seat of Honour to a very low State of Infamy and Reproach; both Husband and Lovers were lost; bereav'd of Friends, and Goods all spoilt. Her Father and Mother died with Grief, and all her Relations lost all they had by the Violence of crook-back'd *Richard*, who issued out a Proclamation, commanding all People, upon pain of Death and confiscation of Goods, not to Harbour her in their Houses, or Relieve her with Food and Raiment. It is reported, That a *Baker* in the City was Hang'd for giving her a Penny-Loaf, as she went by his Door, in Gratitude to her for saving his Life, when he should have been hang'd for a Riot in the late King's Reign; so that she was forc'd to wander up and down, gathering any Trash she could find in the Fields

and Streets for Sustenance. One might have expected that a Woman, who in the Days of her great Prosperity and Power with her Prince, had done so many good Offices in the World, by raising a great many Men to Riches and Honour, should have found one Friend at least, endu'd with so much Gratitude, as to convey Relief to her by some means or other, and rescue her from the last Extreame of Poverty and Want; but every one of them, as if they had combin'd together so to do, shut their Doors against her, and shew'd her no manner of Compassion. Upon the first Notice she had of the Death of the Lord *Hastings*, and the Storm that hung over her own Head upon his Account, she presum'd the House of her old Friend and Confident Mrs. *Blaguen* might be at her Service; with her therefore she deposited her Jewels and richest Things, upon Promise they should be safely restor'd whenever she demanded them: But when her Necessities compell'd her to seek after them, the Faithless Woman deny'd every thing, and thrust her out

of her House, with threatening and reproachful Language. Thus the wretched Fate of a begging Vagrant attended her to the end of her miserable Life, and the wretched Days thereof far exceeded the Time she had spent in Luxury and Wantonness; for she liv'd in a most deplorable Condition in Two Years of the Reign of *Richard III.* Twenty Four Years of *Henry VII.* and Eighteen Years of *Henry VIII.* when she died in the Sixty Ninth Year of her Age, in a Ditch in the Suburbs, Northward from *London*, which, from her wretched Death, is call'd *Shoreditch* to this Day.

Day of **Mary**

Mary Queen of Scots and Signior Davy, an Italian Fidler.

THE Fair Sex whilst Virgins cannot forbear shewing a great Uneasiness when Men are near them; the continual Alarm of Modesty keeps 'em so much upon their Guard, that there is no Mischief to be fear'd, their Fright is their Keeper; the least Touch of a Man puts 'em into such a Consternation, as if Ravishing was the least thing to be expected; a Man cannot speak to them, but it throws their Senses in such a hurry, and makes 'em think on so many Things at once, that they either hear 'em not at all, or so confusedly, that their Words can make but little Impression upon 'em. No doubt but this was the Case too of *Mary Queen of Scots*, whilst in the State of Virginity, which was not long, for she was betrothed to *Francis*, the *Dauphin of France*, at Seven Years of Age; a Time when she scarce knew

the difference between Good and Evil; and for Six or Seven Years after that, she was also so young, that had she been attack'd by any importunate Lover, she could have made but a little Defence; so many Mutinies might have risen within her, that she could have made but a weak Resistance. But when this Royal Person was arriv'd to riper Years, after the Death of her first Husband, who died not long after the Consummation of their Nuptials, she was not much more fortified in Virtue; the Garrison thereof was not kept in so good a Discipline, as to be able to hold out against any subtle Warriour, and never yield to him, but on such Terms, as the generality of the World should approve of as well as her self.

Had she been as Virtuous as Beautiful and Witty, she had been the Glory of her Sex; but her Lasciviousness breaking the Rules of Decency and Honour, she demean'd her Royalty, by stooping so low as to settle her Affections on one Signior Davy, an *Italian* Fidler, with whom

she was more familiar than became
 one of her high Station: Neverthe-
 less, the Lord Darnley, about Three
 Years after her Arrival from France,
 was Married to her in the Chapel of
Holy-rood House in *Edinburgh*, by the
 Dean of *Restabrig*; and the next Day
 he was, by the sound of Trumpet,
 proclaim'd King, and declar'd to be
 associated with her in the Govern-
 ment. Now her Husband being not
 able to bear a Co-partner with him
 in the Love of his Queen, the Death
 of Signior *Davy* is conspir'd. Divers
 Tales were brought to his Majesty of
 the Neglect and Contempt he was
 held in, and of the great Respect
 carried to this Foreigner; whose Va-
 nity and Arrogancy was likewise so
 great, as not to exceed the Chief of
 the Court, but he would out-brave
 the King in his Apparel, in his Do-
 mestick Furniture, in the Number
 and Sorts of his Horses, and in eve-
 ry Thing else; so that no Discourse
 was for the Time more common and
 current throughout *Scotland*, than
 that of *Davy's* Greatness, of the Cre-
 dit and Honour whereunto he was
 risen,

risen, and of the small Account that was taken of the King; which he taking to Heart, did open his Grief to his Father, who advis'd him to assure the Nobility, and to recal those that were Banish'd into *England*; which done, he might correct the Insolency and aspiring Pride of this Fellow. Accordingly the King taking the Lord *Ruthven* with him, who was but lately recover'd of a Fever, and four or five more Gentlemen, they enter'd the Room where the Queen sat at Supper; and the Lord *Ruthven* seeing *Davy* at the Table, for her Majesty was accustomed, when she Supp'd in private, to admit others to sit by her, and that Night the Countess of *Argyle* and *Davy* were placed near her; he commanded him to arise and come forth, for the Place where he sat did not become him. The Queen suddenly starting up, went hastily between *Ruthven* and *Davy* to Defend him; and *Davy* clasping his Hands about her Middle, the King endeavour'd to loose them, desiring her not to be afraid, for that they were come only to Chastize that Vil-

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Iain, who was so over and above Familiar with her: Then dragging him down the Stairs to a Gallery, where one *Morton*, with his Companions, was walking; they there set upon him, and striving who should give the first Stroak, kill'd him with many Wounds, and then fled to *England*. The King by found of Trumpet, at the Market-Cross in *Edinburgh*, protested his Innocency, denying that he ever gave Consent to *Davy's* Death; yet was the contrary known to all Men, so as this serv'd only to the undoing of his Reputation, and made him find few or no Friends thereafter to Aid him in his Necessity: Then a strick Search being made after the Murtheres, *Thomas Scot*, Deputy Sheriff of *Perth*, and Servant to the Lord *Ruthven*, with Sir *Henry Zair*, being Apprehended, they were afterwards hang'd and quarter'd; many for not appearing were denounced Rebels; and in all this Proceeding none was more earnest and forward than the King, notwithstanding the Fact lay most heavy upon him; but he could never after this again reco-

ver his former Favour with the Queen, who on the 15th of June 1566 was brought to Bed of a Son, who afterwards came to be King of England, by the Name of James the First.

The Queen being up again, went by Water to *Allaway*, a House belonging to the Earl of *Marr*, and kept private a few Days. There broke out first her Displeasure against the King her Husband, who following her thither, was not suffer'd to stay, but commanded to be gone; and when at a certain Time after he came to Court, his Company was so loathsome to her, that all Men perceiv'd she had no Pleasure in it; such a deep Indignation had possess'd her Mind, for the Disgrace offer'd to her in the Slaughter of *Davy*, whom she lov'd better than her Husband, whose Father hearing how ill he was us'd, writ to him to repair to his House; whereupon, going towards *Glasgow*, he was scarce a Mile out of *Stirling*, when the Poyson, which had been given him, wrought so violently, that he had great Pain and Dolour in every part of his Body. At length being

arriv'd at *Glasgow*, the Blisters broke out of a blewish Colour, so the *Physicians* knew his Disease to come by Poyson, which brought him so low, that nothing but Death was expected; but the strength of his Youth overcame it at last. The Queen then hearing that the King was recover'd, she went to *Glasgow* to Visit him, and from thence he goes with her to *Edinburgh*, where he is Murther'd by *Bothmel*, the House where he lay burnt with Gun-powder about twelve of the Clock at Night, and his Body cast without the Town-Wall. He was then but Twenty One Years of Age, had been King but Eighteen Months, was of a comely Stature, and none for Handsomness was like him throughout all *Scotland*.

The Earl of *Lenox* wrote in the mean time to the Queen to cause *Bothmel* to be Try'd for the Murther of the King; accordingly he is brought to a Tryal, and acquitted by the Jury; then *Bothmel*, being Divorced from his Wife, is Married to the Queen; hereupon, the Nobility taking up Arms against 'em, *Bothmel* flies, and

the Queen surrenders her self to the Lords, who sent her Prisoner to *Locklevin*. Afterwards *Bathwel* is declar'd, by open Proclamation, the Murtherer of the King, and a Thousand Crowns being offer'd to any Man that should apprehend him, he fled to Sea; and turning Pyrate, he was in a little Time taken on the Coast of *Norway*, and convey'd to *Denmark*, where, being detected by some *Scotch* Merchants, he was put in a vile and loathsom Prison, the which tedious Confinement of Fourteen Years; causing him to be stark Mad, he made a most miserable, ignominious and desperate End, by laying violent Hands on himself. The Queen, after Eleven Months Imprisonment, escapes out of *Locklevin*, and deeming the Resignation, which she had made of her Crown, to be null and void; as being extorted by Fear; she issu'd out her Proclamation, for commanding all her Subjects to meet in Arms at *Hamilton*, to pursue the Rebels that usurped the Royal Authority; and many of the Nobility took her part. The Regent of *Scotland* assembled his Forces,

Forces, which were about Four thousand Men; but the Queen's Army, Commanded by the Earle of *Argyle*, was much superiour in Number; however, when they came to an Engagement, she lost the Battle, and then fled into *England*, in hopes that Queen *Elizabeth* would Succour her; but being, by an Order of the *English* Parliament, committed close Prisoner to *Fotheringay-Castle*, in *Northamptonshire*, after a weary and tedious Imprisonment of Nineteen Years, holding some Intelligence with one *Babington*, and others, in order to make her Escape, she was betray'd by her Secretary; and being Sentenced as one that had a design to Depose Queen *Elizabeth*: No sooner did the News thereof come to this unfortunate Woman, but taking a Diamond Ring off her Finger, she writ there-with, in a Pane of Glass, in her Bed-Chamber, the following Lines:

*Upon the top of all my Trust,
Mishap has laid me in the Dust,*

On the 7th of *February*, in the Year 1587, she was Beheaded in the Castle Yard, on a Scaffold cover'd with black Velvet, and Buried in the Minster at *Peterborough*; but in the Year 1612; her Son being King of *England*, her Body was remov'd to the Royal Chappel at *Westminster*, and there splendidly Interr'd. Thus dyed this unhappy Princess, whose Adultery, and Murther of her Husband, had brought her under great Afflictions and long Misfortunes, which never were ended till she went off the Stage of this Life by an untimely, as well as ignominious Death.

Nell

Nell Gwin, Concubine to King Charles the Second.

THAT *Nell Gwin* was Born of very mean and obscure Parents, in a Cellar in the *Cole-Tard*, in *Drury-Lane*, is known by most People; but being of the Breed of *St. Giles in the Fields*, she was naturally stockt with a great deal of Impudence, which qualified her for the Profession of selling of Oranges, till one *Mr. Duncan*, an eminent Merchant in the City of *London*, taking a Fancy to her, but not so much for her Beauty, which was not extraordinary, as for her good Shape, pert Wit, and handsome Foot, having the littlest of any Woman in *England*, he kept her for his Mistress, and allow'd her a very considerable Maintenance, which upheld her Character in a very good Decorum and Fashion, for about Two Years; when throwing off his Fetters, after they became heavy and troublesom to him, he put her

her into the Playhouse, where she became an Actress in great Vogue, among the Courtiers; and King Charles the Second going to the Theatre, where his Majesty seeing *Nell Gwin* Dance, her Dancing gain'd not only the Applause of all the Spectators, but also her Sovereign's Approbation, who was pleas'd to say to some of his Nobles, *I never saw one Dance with a better Grace, and more Exactness in all my Life.*

At the same Time the King feeling within him such Sentiments for her Person, as might Entitle her to his Royal Favour, he made her soon after sensible of the glorious Conquest which she had made over his Heart, by admitting her to his Bed. She had made many Enemies who envy'd her the Preferment of being the King's Concubine, as *Barbarah Villiers* Dutches of *Cleveland*, *Louise de Querouaille* Dutches of *Portsmouth*, and *Miss Davis*. However, *Nell* neither fear'd 'em nor lov'd 'em; stood her Ground at all Times, and never affronted any of her Partners in Iniquity, who would often Complain there.

thereof to the King, but always came off with flying Colours. Once falling out with the Dutchess of Portsmouth, in a Scuffle betwixt 'em, Nell having *Squintabella* on the Floor, (her Grace being so call'd from a Cast which she had in her Eyes) and taking up her Coats, she burnt with a Candle all the Hair off those Parts which Modesty obliges to Conceal. This Indignity made the Dutchess presently Complain thereof to the King, who being very Angry at Nell's Rudeness, who was also entering the Presence-Chamber just as the Complainant had ended her Story: He fell in a great Passion with her, which she soon appeas'd by saying, *May it please your Majesty, that as there is an Act of Parliament for Burning all French Commodities, that are prohibited, she hoped he could not be Angry at her Care in putting the Act in force.*

Another Time Nell Gwin having Notice that Miss Davis was to be entertain'd at Night, by the King in his Bed-Chamber, she invited the Lady to a Collation of Sweetmeats, which being made up with physick

Ingredients, the Effects thereof had such an Operation upon the Harlot, when the King was Caressing her in Bed with the amorous Sports of *Venus*, that a violent and sudden Loosness obliging her Ladyship to discharge her Artillery, she made the King, as well as her self, in a most lamentable Pickle; which caus'd her Royal Master to turn her off, with the small Pension of a Thousand Pounds *per Annum*, in consideration for her former Services, in the Affairs of Love; after which she never appear'd again at Court.

When the Prince of *Newberg* arrived in this Kingdom, to pay his Respects to the Royal Family, the King requiring the Lord Chamberlain to Conduct him to a Ball, which was to be on a certain Night at the Queen's Lodgings at *Whitehall*: His Highness did not fail to come in good Time to wait on his Majesty, that he might have the Opportunity to stay some Time with him, before the Ball began. At this Entertainment *Nelly* made her Appearance, in whom the King delighted more for her

her diverting and agreeable Humour, than for her Person, though she made a pretty good Figure, and was so very sprightly and gay in her Conversation, as to make all the Company partake of her merry Disposition. After having danced some Country-Dances, many there exclaiming against the Heat of the Room, and that it was more convenient to take a little fresh Air, the King order'd the Lords to follow him, with the Ladies, into the Park.

His Majesty and the Prince of *Newberg*, attended by the whole Court, and follow'd by the Musick, went into a Bowling-Green, where some Seated themselves upon Benches, and some upon Green-Turfs. They Danc'd in divers Places at once; and it being a clear bright Night, for the Moon shin'd, there was no occasion for Lights; the Flutes and Haut-Boys also answering by means of the Echo to the Violins, every thing appear'd very pleasing. No sooner was it break of Day but the King having a Resolution to go to *Hampton-Court*, and to take the Prince

of Newberg along with him, in order
 to Divert him there with a Ball, e-
 very thing was presently got in rea-
 diness to carry the Court thither by
 Water. Then having taken their re-
 spective Places in the Barges, which
 were cover'd with *Persian* Carpets,
 the ground Work of Gold, and hang
 with Silk Brocaded Tapestries of a
 Rose Colour, and at the same time
 the Air resounding with a most agree-
 able Sympathy of Trumpets, Kettle-
 Drums, Flutes, Violins, Voices, The-
 orbes, and Cymbals; *Nell Gwin*, who
 was also among 'em, had found out
 Matter of Divertisement for the Gen-
 tlemen and Ladies; and among the
 rest, one which occasion'd a great
 deal of Mirth. She desired to stop
 upon the Water, the better to enjoy
 the Fair Season, and the Melodious
 Harmony of Musick. She then caus'd
 to be brought forth some Angling
 Rods, with silk Lines, and Hooks of
 Gold. The King went to Angling
 with several others, but could catch
 nothing, whereat the Ladies Laugh'd
 very heartily, and the King told 'em
 he would Angle no longer; and so
 pul-

pulling up his Line, found half a Dozen of Fry'd Smelts ty'd to the Hook with a silk Thread. He fell a Laughing aloud, and so did every Body else. Nelly told him, *That so great a King should have something peculiar above the rest; that poor Fishermen caught Fish alive, but his were ready Drest.* The Prince of Newberg told 'em, *That six being not enough, he would try whether he could take two or three more, to add to the King's Fish.* He threw his Line, and feeling it weighty, *O! Sir, said he, we shall live Merrily; and so pulling it up, found a Purse ty'd to the Hook, which being open'd, there was in it a golden Case, set with Stones, and the Picture of a certain Lady; within it whom the Prince lov'd.* This occasion'd a general Mirth, and the King, who knew now that Nelly had order'd the Divers to tie the Fish and Picture to the Hooks, was above all the rest extremely delighted with it. *Cleopatra (said he to Nell) caus'd a Sardin to be ty'd to Mark Anthony's Hook, but you exceed her in your Contrivance for you bestow Pictures, which are more*

acceptable. These are Presents, said the Lady, whom the Picture represented, which Cost her nothing. She sent Yesterday to my House, to tell me, that she being inclin'd to have her Picture drawn, she desir'd I would send her mine, because she would take a View of the Drapery; you see, Sir, to what Use she has put it. Nothing could happen more agreeable to me, said the Prince; and then Addressing himself to Nelly, quoth he, I know not how to pay you my Respects sufficiently. I should be very glad (answer'd she) to Merit your Acknowledgements; but you thank me for a good Office I had no hand in: I believe it were the Naiades of the Thames, who perform'd this Act of Gallantry, on purpose to Oblige you, and this fair Lady, whom you entirely Love, I believe, with unfeigned Sincerity.

In a Speech made by the Earl of Shaftsbury, in the House of Lords, in the Year 1680, he thus spoke of the Concubines of King Charles the Second: A wise Prince, when he hath need of his People, will rather part with his Family and Counsellors, than displease his Friends for them. My Lords, this noble
Lord

Lord near me hath found fault with the
 President, which he said I offer'd to your
 Lordships, concerning the chargeable La-
 dies at Court; but I remember no such
 Thing I said: But if I must speak of
 'em, I shall say as the Prophet did to
 King Saul, What means the bleating
 of this kind of Cattle? And I hope
 the King will make me the same Answer:
 That he preserves them for Sacri-
 fice, and means to deliver 'em up to
 please his People: For there must be
 in plain English a Change; we must
 neither have Popish Wife, nor Popish
 Favourite, nor Popish Mistress, nor
 Popish Councillor at Court, nor any
 new Convert. What I spoke was a-
 bout another Lady, that belongs not
 to the Court; but like *Sempronia* in
Catolin's Conspiracy, does more Mis-
 chief than *Cethegus*. But now, of all
 Tilts of State, take *Nell Gwin's* Cha-
 racter, in the following Lines, writ
 by Sir George Etherridge, Kt.

*I sing the Story of a scoundrel Lass,
 Rais'd from a Dunghill to a King's
 Embrace,*

I trace her from her Birth and Infant
 [Years;
 To Venus none so like as she appears:
 To Madam Venus the Sea-Froth gave
 [Birth;
 To Madam Nell, the Scum of all the
 [Earth:
 No Man alive could ever call her
 [Daughter,
 For a Batalion of arm'd Men begot
 [her:
 The pious Mother of this Flaming
 [Whore,
 Maid, Punk and Bawd, full Sixty
 [Years and more,
 Dy'd drunk with Brandy in a Com-
 [mon-Shore.
 No matter that, not what we were
 [must Shame us,
 'Tis what we last arrive too, that
 [must Fame us.
 Fam'd be the Cellar then, wherein the
 [Babe
 Was first brought forth to be a Mo-
 [narch's Drab.
 In a low Cellar, under Ground, this
 [Trull;
 Heavens! what can't Fortune, if blind
 [Fortune will?
 In

In a low Cellar this same Trull was
[kindled,

That has so oft old R——'s Sceptre
[winded,

How far did the fam'd Amazonian
[come to Woo

Great Alexander for a Touch, and go?
But thee, thy Sovereign courted for thy

[Fame,
Enjoy'd thee, 'cause 'twas thou hadst
[got the Name:

Thou didst not come to him with Gold
[and Spice,

'And nothing introduc'd thee but thy
[Vice:

O! may that Cellar never be forgot,
Wherein was hatch'd such a Prince
[pleasing Troi.

He that had seen her mudding in the
[Street,

Her Face all Pot-lid black, unshod her
[Feet,

And in a Cloud of Dust her Cinders
[shaking,

Could he have thought her fit for Mo-
[narch's taking?

Even then she had her Charms of brisk
[and witty,

Which first enslav'd a Cully of the City
He

He had her Breech washt clean, and smockt
her White,
That she might be his Darling and Delight:
Then in her Wine began this Dialogue,
My little Deity, my pretty Rogue,
That hast redeem'd me from my flitten Milk,
To Worsted Hose, and Petticoat of Silk;
Be kind, my Dear, and flowing Joy impart,
Apply Love's sov'reign Balsam to my Heart.
Thus for some time each other they enjoy'd,
Until the Merchant, not the Girl, was cloy'd;
For either with the expence of Lust or Love,
At length the Fool did wondrous Nell-sick
prove:
Howe'er, he wou'd not leave her as he found
her,
That had been base, since he had got the
Plunder;
Besides, he knew she had both Wit and Sense,
Beauty, and such a Stock of Impudence,
As to the Play-house well might recom-
mend her,
And therefore thither was resolv'd to send
her.
Where soon she grew, being in her proper
Sphere,
The Pride and Envy of the Theatre:
Then entred Nelly on the publick Stage,
Harlot of Harlots, Lais of the Age:

E

But

But there what Lacy's fumbling Age abus'd,
Hart's sprightly Vigour more robustly us'd;
Yet Hart more Manners had than not to
tender,

When noble B— begg'd him to surrender :
He saw her roll the Stage from side to side,
And thro' her Draw'rs the powerful Charm
descry'd,

Take her, my Lord, quoth Hart, since
you're so mean,

To take a Player's leavings for your Q— ;
For tho' I love her well, yet as she's poor,
I'm well contented to prefer the Whore.

To B— thus resign'd in friendly wise,
Our glaring Lass begins apace to rise,
Distributing her Favours very thick,
And sometimes witty Wilmot had a lick ;
And thus she traded on in noble Ware,
Serving the rest with what her Lord cou'd
spare ;

B— was Lord of all her hairy Manner,
The rest were only Tenants to his Honour.
By these Degrees, the ranting Whore crept
up,

Until she mounted to the Sovereign Top.
Dread Sir, quoth B--ham, in Duty bound,
I come to give your Kingship Counsel sound :
I wonder you shou'd doat so like a Fop,
On C---d, whom her very Footmen Grope :
Dye

D'ye think you don't your Parliament offend,
That all they give you on a Begger spend?
Permit me, Sir, to recommend a Whore,
Kiss her but once, you'll ne'er kiss C — and
more;

She'll fit you to a Flair, all Wit, all Fire,
And Impudence, to your own Heart's de-
sire;

And more than this, Sir, you'll save
Money by her.

She's B--'s Whore at present, but you know,
When Sovereigns want a Whore, that Sub-
jects must forego.

This put old R —'s Cod-piece in a Fear,
Go, Mrs. Knight, quoth he, and fetch her
strait:

Soft, quoth Lord B — but first pay my
Score,

She's cost me many Pounds, then take the
Whore:

This R — scented, and to lay his Itch,
Gave him an Earldom to resign his Bitch:
And now behold a common Drab become,
The glorious Mate for English Monarch's
Burn;

Nor was it long before the artful Slut
Had got the length of her great Master's
Foot;

She knew so well to weild his royal Tool,
That none had such a knack to please the
Fool.

When he was dumpish, she would still be
jocund,

And chuck the Royal Chin of Charles the
Second;

Then with her Heels lock in the Sceptred
Cull,

Whom finding somewhat Phlegmatick and
Dull,

My Liege, she'd say, come let's be frank
and merry,

And in Love's Cave our Melancholy bury.
Thrice happy Nell; that hadst a King so
gracious

To raise up Princes to thy Dust and Ashes,
Whose great Humility wou'd stoop so low,
On thee and thine his Favours to bestow:
Sure there are hidden Charms about thy
middle,

And sure, experienc'd Females have a
Fiddle:

For this old R—— gave 'em Coach and
Horses,

Furnisht 'em Palaces, and stuf't their Pursets;
Call'd Parliaments, pretending War with
France,

And all his Harlots Grandeur to advance,

His

His shut up Chequer did his Passion prove,
As well as Crown-Lands sold for humble
Love.

How will succeeding Story blush to tell,
What this Great-Britain's Monarch e'er
did well?

Who wou'd not wonder, while he takes
such Pains,

And on both old and young his Vigour
dreins,

Nor wou'd his Nelly long be his survivor,
Alas! who now was good enough to drive
her?

So she gave way to her consuming Grief,
Which brought her past all Gally-pot Re-
lief;

Howe'er it were, as the old Women say,
Her Time was come, and then there's no
delay:

So down into the Stygian Lake she dropt,
To meet the Prince she had so often topt.

Sir George may write as diminutive
as he pleases of Nell Gwin; however
I must do this Justice to her Me-
mory, as to say, she was endu'd with
more Charity than all the King's Mi-
stresses, which covers a Multitude of
Faults. She had Issue Charles Buclair,

the present Duke of *St. Albans*, by *Charles* the Second; after whose Death not long surviving, she departed this mortal Life at her House in the *Pall-Mall*, and was nobly interr'd in the Parish Church of *St. Martin's* in the *Fields*.

Roxelana

Roxelana and the Earl of Oxford.

THIS Gentlewoman, descended of a good Family, being by an extravagant Father left destitute of any Fortune, she was forced to support herself at the Theatre, where she had not been long, before a Tragedy intituled *Ibrahim* was acted with great Applause; and among the rest of the Actors she acted the Part of *Roxelana* so exceedingly well, that *Aubre de Vere*, Earl of *Oxford*, was charm'd at the Sight of her. From that Day forward this Actress was known by no other Name than that of *Roxelana*; and as she was a Person scarce to be matcht in Beauty and a goodly Mien, his Lordship at that Moment took a Resolution to Love her. King *Charles* the Second also being then at the Play, he order'd *Roxelana* to come to *White-hall* to Act her Part over again there. The Earl of *Oxford* was very diligent to carry her these Orders, and at the same Time offer'd to bring her before

E. 4

his

his Majesty. She accepted of his Coach, and taking one of her Acquaintance along with her, they went all Three into the Room where the King was to Sup.

Roxelana being drest with all the Lustre of a Queen, to gain the Hearts and Praises of the Auditory, did so gracefully perform her Part before the King, that every one was of Opinion she needed no more appear upon the publick Stage. The Earl of *Oxford* having conducted her Home, askt leave to visit her sometimes. She told him she would always have a great Respect for him; but that a young Woman in her Station could not receive the Visits of a Person of his Quality without making her self a Town-talk. He told her, that though he lookt upon it as his greatest Satisfaction to see her often, yet would he do it with so much Reserve, that she should not have the least Reason of Complaint against him. His Lordship then left her, but was so much in Love now with this Actress, that in no Company he could not speak one Word but of her. The next Day he went again to the Play-house, where

where he made his Addresses to *Roxelana*, paid her afterwards a Visit, and backt the Declaration of his Love by a rich Present. She refus'd it with an Air and majestick Look becoming a Queen; and told him, That had he known her Right, he would not have gone about to open the Way to her Heart by Presents, these being Things that made no Impression upon her. The Earl answer'd her with a great deal of Respect and Politeness; though he was not a little disturb'd to find her to assume such an Air of Grandeur, as would in all likelihood check the Progress of his Love; for Women inclin'd to Love, are of a much more easier Access than those of a contrary Disposition. Still his Lordship would engage himself farther in this Amour; for his Passion was too great to think of renouncing those ravishing Pleasures he propos'd to himself in enjoying her. He was so far infatuated with this young Woman, that he could scarce be a Moment without her; but *Roxelana* keeping his Lordship at a greater Distance now than she did the first Day he saw her, and positively declar'd

E 5

clar'd to him, he must not set one Foot more in her House, unless he resolv'd to marry her ; this Proposition put all the Marks of a distracted Person in his Countenance, and reduc'd him to a great *Non-plus*. Seeing she aspired to be the first Countess of *England*, and that all his Sufferings, Care and Liberality were in vain ; her Humour being as haughty as that of the *Sultana*, whose Name she bears, he was resolv'd to sieze her one Evening as she came out of the Play-house, and carry her into the Country, where he knew well enough how to deal with her.

But considering he had better sigh and shed Tears at her Feet a little longer, rather than exasperate her by an Action so contrary to what ought to be expected from a Lover, he quitted all Thoughts of pursuing the Design, and renew'd his Visits and Addresses again. Eight Months pass'd a-fresh, during which his Lordship could not perceive the least Compliance in *Roxelana's* Temper ; though she appear'd very Merry, and nothing could be more agreeable than her Conversation.

But

But whenever the Earl would give himself some familiar Airs, she told him, She would see him no more as long as she liv'd, because she was resolv'd to keep her self always within the same Bounds of Prudence and Virtue, as she had done hitherto, unless he would resolve to Marry her. At last he promis'd he would with a Thousand Oaths, but begg'd her not to discover it to any of his Acquaintance: Then every Thing being settled for the Consummation of the Match betwixt 'em, without the Privy of any Body, except such as must of Necessity know it, he propos'd she should go along with him into the Country. But, as if she had some Foresight of what afterwards happen'd, she told him, she would be married in *London*. After some Contests, he consented to it, and married her at his own House. The Ceremony being over, she thought her self now at the highest Pitch of her Wishes, and never did any Person shew more Satisfaction at her good Fortune than she did.

The first Night was scarce past, when *Roxelana*, being still asleep, the
Earl

Earl pusht her very roughly; awake, said he, awake *Roxelana*, 'tis Time to be gone. She turning her Eyes upon him, Why, my Lord, said she, do you call me *Roxelana*? Why must not I have the Honour of being Countess of *Oxford*? No, reply'd he, you are not so, you are not married to me; and to unfold the whole Mystery, know, that it was my Steward disguis'd who perform'd the Ceremony of Marriage betwixt us Yesterday. Oh! Traytor cry'd she, taking hold of his Throat, and endeavouring in this first Fury to Strangle him, thou shalt die by my Hands. The Earl seeing her thus furious, found means to disengage himself, and so left the Chamber. She got out of Bed, and laying hold of his Sword, which was left upon the Table, pursu'd him to the very Dining-room Door, which he shut and lockt against her. *Roxelana* now finding her self bereav'd of the main Object of her Fury, turn'd the Effects thereof against her self. She tore her Hair and Face, and made most dreadful Outcries and most pitiful Lamentations, enough to touch her Husband's Heart.

But

But finding him not to appear, she resolv'd to kill herself; and turning the Point of the naked Sword against her Bosom, thrust it into her Body with such a Force as must needs have put an end to her Life, had not her trembling Hand fail'd in some Measure in the intended fatal Execution; for the Sword passing along her Ribs, gave her a Wound which prov'd rather large than dangerous, and the Earl, who had seen all what pass'd from a Place where he could not easily be seen, now mov'd with Compassion, sent to give her all possible Assistance. Towards Evening she was carried to her own Home, where she was by several Persons put half dead to Bed, through the Perfidiousness of a Monster (as she call'd him) unworthy to see the Sun. Whilst she was exclaiming with the utmost Vehemency against the Earl's Falshood, casting her Eyes upon a Pourtraiture of Wax-work of his Lordship, which he had presented to her not long before, she was so enrag'd at the Sight thereof, that in spite of her Weakness, she leapt out of Bed and dasht it to

to Pieces. When *Roxelana* was well again, she endeavour'd to make her Marriage stand good in Law ; but the Earl's Power carry'd it above the poor Actress. However, he was forced to allow her a Maintenance during Life, and to provide for a Son she brought into the World.

Madam

*Madam Corbet, and the Earl
of L——n.*

IN the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, under whose auspicious Government this Kingdom enjoy'd all the Blessings of Peace and Plenty, the Earl of L—— made an early Figure in the World; and his Genius and Politeness being in that Age a Standard for all the Noblemen of the Nation, there was not a Lady at Court but plotted to make the Conquest of a Person so accomplish'd as his Lordship was. His first Intrigue was with the Earl of N——'s Daughter; who, when scarce Twenty years of Age, was oblig'd, by her Parents for Interest, to marry an old Baron of Seventy; but very Rich, and an intimate Friend of the Earl of L——; and his great Age was of so much the more dangerous Consequence, in that, before her Marriage, the Lady had a particular Respect for the Earl of L——, which she continued after it; but yet the old Baron had not the least Suspicion

cion of the Affair between his Lady and his Friend.

Their Intrigue was so well manag'd, that it took not the least Air ; but, till *Madam Corbet* come to be her Ladyship's Gentlewoman, the Lovers had enjoy'd the utmost of their Wishes, without the least jangling or jealousy to disturb their Felicity. But there is nothing more true, than that none is always Happy ; For this Madam, who waited on the Baroness, being an excellent Beauty, a most refin'd Wit, and of a Judgment too penetrating for her tender Years, as being yet scarce turn'd of Seventeen, she had so great a share in the Earl of L——'s Thoughts, that he slighted all the advances made to him, upon several Occasions, by others of the Fair Sex. Now the Lady, who lov'd the Earl very passionately, was aware of his Inconstancy, when he little thought of her Jealousy ; and would often make *Madam Corbet*, her Gentlewoman, come into her Apartment with the Earl, on purpose to observe the Emotion of the one, and Confusion of the other, using now and then out of spite, the dangerous Proof
of

of leaving them alone, to listen to what they said, and be an Eye-witness of their Disorder. But, at length, having resolv'd to put the Matter beyond Doubt, she took the following Method to satisfy herself of the Inconstancy of her Gallant.

One Day, when the old Baron made an Entertainment for several Lords and Ladies at his House, the Baroness feign'd herself Sick, and being put to Bed, order'd her other Women to leave her alone, and say, she was gone to Court. Madam Corbet and the Earl, who knew nothing of the Baroness's Feint, but thought she was far enough off, resolv'd, for their part, not to lose so fair an opportunity of a few Minutes Enjoyment of each other. The getting a Child, which prov'd a Girl when born, was the End of this Interview; but from this Time, Madam Corbet never had an Opportunity of being alone with the Earl for above Three Months. The Baroness, who had been, as it were, a Witness of their Union, would not upbraid her Gallant with his Inconstancy, because she knew, his fiery Temper was ripe for

for any Enterprize ; but pretended such an Affection for her Gentlewoman, that she could not part with her out of her sight. Madam Corbet knew all her Lady's Affairs, even those of her Heart ; and the Earl visited the Baroness as often as before, without ever being able to get a Moment of her Gentlewoman's Company alone.

The Baroness resolving to be even with the Lovers, and finding her Jealousy increase as fast as the Earl's Passion for her cool'd, studied Means to Ruin them both, without the Expence of her Honour, which was the only Thing she valu'd. In a little Time the Lady was seiz'd with a kind of Melancholy, which so alter'd her, that one could scarce know her again. Her Spouse, who perfectly doated on her, endeavour'd all he could to divert her, and recover her from her drooping Condition, but all in vain ; neither the Buffoonry of Merry-Andrews, which then was in great Vogue in England, nor the most exquisite Remedies of the best Physicians, prevail'd. She became a meer Stranger to Enjoyment, and pin'd away in such a Manner, that her

her decay was visible. All the Servants in the House lamented her, and there was not a Saint in *Paradise* (for her Husband was a Roman Catholick) but what was pray'd to for the Life and Health of so lovely a Person. But all her Strength was consum'd, and she now perceiv'd, when 'twas too late, that she had abandon'd herself too much to her Passion, or been too resolute in concealing it; but before she expired, the Baron, who lov'd her even to Madness, came and made her the most tender and obliging Protestations of Concern. He gave her Liberty to do whatever she would, to save her Life; and swore he would die a Hundred Deaths, if he could but thereby prolong her Days. The Baroness gave the hearing to all these Exaggerations, but was more concern'd for the Cause of her Misfortunes, than for her Husband's Grief. She desir'd nothing but to parley a few Moments with the Earl, before she died; wherefore pretending she wanted Rest, she desir'd to be left alone with Madam Corbet, whom she order'd to acquaint the Earl with her Condition.

The

The Earl not having yet lost all sense of his former Love for the Baroness, to whom he had been so much oblig'd, was extremely concern'd to hear of her Illness, and made all the hast he could to her Apartment ; where he was no sooner arriv'd, but the miserable Condition to which the Baroness was reduc'd, made him say a Thousand pretty Things to her, even though *Madam Corbet*, who was then past making Reflections, was present. The Baroness listen'd to him a long while, without making him any Answer ; but at last fixing her Eyes wishfully upon him, *Cease, my Lord,* (said she in a languishing Tone) *I am dying ; and you are the Cause of my Death.* At that very Moment, they came to tell the Lady, that her Lord was bringing one of her Relations to see her ; whereupon, she desired *Madam Corbet* to go and meet her Husband ; whilst she secur'd her Honour, by contriving the Earl's escape ; but so little cautious was she thereof, that the Passion of a slighted Lover prompting her to the dangerous Design of a bloody Revenge, resolving to carry her Resentment beyond Death

Death it self, if possible, she pretended to whisper in the Earl's Ear where he should hide himself; and at the same Time taking a Penknife into her Hand, which was hid in the Bed, she stabb'd him into the right Breast; but the Instrument going aslaunt, the Wound prov'd not Mortal: However, thro' Madam Corbet's Management, he was convey'd out of the House unknown to the old Baron, and never after saw the exasperated Lady, for she died the next Day, to the great Grief of her Husband, who did not long survive her.

When the Earl was recover'd of his Wound, he took Madam Corbet to his own House, who now was out of Service by the Death of her Lady; now they mutually enjoy each others Love without any Interruption; so mighty fond was his Lordship of this Mistress, that he could neither Eat, Drink, nor Sleep without her. The extream Love of Madam Corbet made the Earl now insensible to all the Beauties of the Earth, and hers was no less for his Lordship; to whom a Note being sent one Day from a Person of Quality, which

which challeng'd him to fight a Duel the next Morning; whilst the Earl was writing an Answer, she reading the aforesaid Note, unseen by his Lordship, presently fell into a Swoon, and after she was recover'd, still trembling for fear any Danger befalling the Earl, she quickly bath'd her face in Tears, and perswaded him not to meet his Antagonist. But though she was absolutely ador'd by his Lordship, yet, as he was resolv'd to meet the Challenger, at the Place and Time appointed, he desir'd her to do nothing that might make him change his Resolution; alledging, that it were to lose his Affection in so doing; for he was resolv'd to fight, or otherwise he should continually be plagu'd with affronting Messages; and accordingly he ended the Quarrel, by wounding and disarming the Person of Quality who dar'd him to vindicate his Honour by dint of Sword.

Now Madam Corbet, who was the only Deity to whom the Earl paid his Devotions, being quick with Child and somewhat big, she was sent into the Country, where she lay in of
Daughter

Daughter, which died in its Month.
All the Time of her Absence this Gentlewoman was the only Object of the Earl's Thought ; but after Two Years living with his Mistress, his Passion began to be pall'd, and seeking out for new Adventures, his Ambition was no lesser than that of settling his Affections on his Sovereign Queen *Elizabeth*, of ever glorious Memory, and had the Vanity of hoping to succeed so far in his Amours, as to obtain his Royal Mistress for a Wife. But though the Earl of *Essex* was then the greatest favourite at Court, and was a Person of sufficient Merit to cross the pretensions of this Peer, yet pursuing his Inclinations very close, he quite abandon'd *Madam Corbet*, and utterly neglected the Conversation of her for the future ; moreover, he took off her Pension of Four Hundred Pounds *per Ann.* which he allow'd her, and leaving her in the wide World to shift for herself, she went Home to her Father, who was a Gentleman of a considerable Estate at *Columpton* in *Devonshire* ; by whom being slighted for the Scandal and Disgrace she had brought on her Family,

mily, by forfeiting her Virtue to the lewd Embraces of unlawful Love, she withdrew her self from thence, and retired to an Uncle's House at Chudleigh, in the same County, where taking to Heart the Earl's Inconstancy, and her Parents Unkindness, she laid violent Hands on her Body, by hanging herself in her Bed-Chamber, before she was Twenty Years of Age.

Madam

Madam Cosens and George Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

THIS Gentlewoman, only Child and Daughter of Sir *Yelverton Wilmot* in the County of *Northumberland*, was Married, with her Father's Consent, to one *Squire Cosens* of *Stamford* in *Lincolnshire*. She had all that was to be wish'd for to make her agreeable, She had Beauty, Virtue, Wit, Riches, and no mean Extraction; nor had her Husband any Trouble in obtaining Her, for having an Estate of Fifteen Hundred Pounds *per Annum*; she was voluntarily bestow'd upon him by her own Father, without any Courtship. Perhaps had the Squire been oblig'd to have been at the Trouble of his Conquest, and had he undergone the Fatigues of Love, and won her by his Merit and Affiduity, he had esteem'd himself happy in obtaining Her, without receiving her from her Parents, without the Expence of a Sigh or Tear, that which ought to have been

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his Felicity, proved his greatest Inquietude. He had little Inclination to the Yoak, *Hymen* had laid on him, and he Married only in submission to, and for fear of displeasing his Father, who would otherwise Disinherit him: But Marriages of this kind are not always happy.

Squire *Cofens* being a Man naturally inclin'd to love Variety, he thought it sufficient enough to keep a fair Correspondence with his Wife; and as she had a great deal of Wit, and could easily discover her Husband's Inclinations, so hers became less vehement, and she contented her self for her part, to do her Duty, without being at the Expence of a fruitless Tendernefs. A little after he was Married, his own Father dying, whereby he took Possession of his Estate, being weary of this Confinement, he resolv'd to deliver himself, by giving his Heart entirely up to Love; and the first Person he first fixt on for this purpose, after he was enter'd into the State of Matrimony, was his Wife's Chamber-maid whose Youth and Beauty, in his Eyes were equally charming; and tho' she

was bred in the Country, yet She had a Wit and Humour so sprightly and engaging, that the Squire would have been unwilling She should have chose any other Master but himself, to have taught her the Art of Love. He lost no opportunity of seeing and entertaining her in Privacy, but it was but seldom, by reason his Wife, knowing him a dangerous Person to her Sex, often interrupted them.

But one Day Madam Cofens finding her Maid and Husband together, in a more familiar Posture than Decency here will permit me to disclose, her Vexation at this Sight made her Eyes sparkle with Anger, which added to their Lustre, and incited her to tell him, she would (though she did not then mean so) pay him in his own Coyn; for truly she had Provocation enough; and sometimes it happens, that Patience is stretch'd to a certain Point, beyond which it destroys and loses it self. No Reconciliation was now to be made betwixt 'em till her Servant was turn'd away; and her Father dying in a little while after, she came up to London with her Husband,

on purpose to keep him from his intriguing in the Country; but instead of her working any Reformation in him here, he grew rather worse, for being Rich and Young, a great many loose Women made it their Business to engage his Heart; this good Fortune he was sensible of, and knew how to make use of it, but, being of a fickle Humour, never had so delicate a Taste of Love as to be strongly engag'd to any one in particular; he was incapable of confining himself to any one Intrigue, there being hardly a Day in which he got not a new Mistress; and there appear'd more Affectation and Vanity, than Love or Sincerity, in all his Intrigues. These Measures he dayly took to the great Mortification of his Wife, who dining one Day at a Person of Quality's House, where her Beauty was taken notice of by a great many Noblemen, among the rest of her Admirers was his Grace *George Villiers Duke of Buckingham*, than whom no Man was ever handsomer, or more nicely made, and there was something so engaging in his Conversation, as made him more pleasing by his Wit, than

than by his Person, and it would be difficult to speak what he could not understand; his Words pierc'd the Heart, and he was born for Gallantry and Magnificence, in both which he surpass'd at that time all the Lords of the Court of *England*.

This great Man's Heart being captivated with the Charms of *Madam Cosens*, he mist no Opportunity, when he had learnt where she liv'd, of paying his Respects to her when her Husband was out of the way. Accordingly finding her one Evening alone, after some few Compliments past betwixt 'em, his Grace said, I cannot, Madam, be content with my Destiny; you will not love me. My Lord (reply'd she, blushing) I assure you, that was I not Married, and were I capable of preserving one of your Sex before another, my Heart would determine in your Favour. What you tell me (said the Duke again) would comfort me, could I be contented with a Compliment; but I expect something more solid. Ha! cry'd she, briskly, what more can you desire? I desire, said he, with a grave

Air, that you would love me; can you give too much in return of a Passion so violent as mine? Yes, reply'd she, it is too much; and you are to blame to ask it; and I were much more if I should consent to your indiscreet Desire. She spoke this with such a Grace, and with so much sweetness, that he could not forbear siezing her Hand, and kissing it with an exquisite Transport. The Duke then taking his leave of her went Home, where pondering on the share of Beauty and the agreeable Wit she was Mistress of, which created his Love to a great excess, he sent his *Valet de Chambre* with the following Lines to her, to set forth the greatness of his Passion now at large.

*What a dull Fool was I,
To think so gross a Lye,
As that I never was in Love before?
I have perhaps known one or Two,
With whom I was content to be,
At that which they call keeping Company;
But after all that they can do,
I still could be with more:
Their Absence never made me shed a Tear*

And I can truly swear,
That till my Eyes first gaz'd on you,
I ne'er beheld that thing I could adore.
A World of things must curiously be sought,
A World of things must be together brought
To make up Charms, which have the
(Pow'r to move }
Through a descending Eye, true Love ;
That is a Master-piece above.
What only Looks and Shape can do,
There must be Wit and Judgment too ;
Greatness of Thought and Worth, which draw
From the whole World, Respect and Awe.
She that wou'd raise a noble Love, must find
Ways to beget a Passion for her Mind ;
She must be that, which she to be wou'd seem ;
For all true Love is grounded on Esteem :
Plainness and Truth gain more a generous
Than all the crooked Subtilties of Art. (Heart,
She must be — What said I? She must be you,
None but your self that Miracle can do ;
At least, I'm sure, thus much I plainly see,
None but your self e'er did it upon me :
'Tis you alone that can my Heart subdue,
To you alone it always shall be true ;
Your God-like Soul is that which rules my }
(Fate, }
It does in me new Passions still create,
For Love of you all Women else I hate : }
But

*But Oh! your Body too, is so Divine,
I kill my self with wishing you all mine.
In Pain and Anguish, Night and Day
I faint and melt away :
In vain against my Grief I strive,
My Entertainment now is crying,
'And all the Sense I have of being alive,
Is that I feel my self a dying.*

The next Visit his Grace paid Madam Cofens, the God and Goddess too of Love was so propitious to his Amours, that she, to be revenged on her Husbands Infidelity, comply'd with his Desire: But her Husband coming into the Chamber in the very critical Minute, when he found them in that amorous Conjunction, which made him believe he was one of *Acteon's* Society, it is easy to imagine the Surprize both of the one and the other; however the Esquire being Master enough of his Resentment, to pretend a Belief of what his Wife said to excuse her self, he then said nothing to the Duke of *Buckingham*, who was much disturb'd at this unlucky Accident, and so confounded, that without staying any longer in the Room, he immediately went Home;

but

but sadly troubled at her Husband's Moderation in this Affair, which appear'd to him more suspicious; and tormented him more than if he had resented it in the most violent manner. His affected Calmness made Madam Cofens also fear a Storm was coming; but her Husband said no more to her than that he would take her into *Northumberland* next Morning: It is impossible to express the surprize this caus'd in her; she told him it was yet too soon, and too hot, to go into the Country: He promis'd to provide cool Apartments for her. She answer'd, she should infallibly fall Sick; he reply'd, we have good Physicians there. She still insisted how much 'twould impair her Health: He desired her not to trouble her self. And in fine, all her Reasons were useless; he let her know, that without troubling her self with more Evasions, it was his Pleasure, and that it was her Duty willingly to obey, because he would depart at break of Day. In the mean while the Duke being inform'd, by her Maid, of her Husband's Determination, he privately sent her a Letter, wherein he inform'd

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her,

her, that he was resolv'd to deliver her from the Hands of her Husband: But a Reconciliation being likely to be made up betwixt him and her, she sent her Maid to acquaint his Grace, that for the future she was resolv'd never to see him again; which unexpected answer made him so uneasy and perplext, that desiring the Messenger to stay till he writ the following Lines, he strictly charg'd her to deliver them safe into the Hands of her Mistress.

*Forsaken Strephon in a lonesome Glade,
By Nature for despairing Sorrows made,
Beneath a blasted Oak had laid him down,
By Lightning that, as he by Love o'erthrown.
Upon the mossy Root he lean'd his Head,
Whilst at his Feet a murmuring Current led
Her Streams that sympathiz'd with his sad*

(Moans,

*The neighb'ring Eechoes answer'd all his
(Groans.*

*Then as the dewey Morn restor'd the Day,
Whilst stretch'd on Earth the silent Mourner
(lay,*

*At last into these doleful Sounds he brake,
Obdurate Rocks dissolving whilst he spoke.*

What

and Duke of Buckingham. 107

*What Language can my injur'd Passion frame,
That knows not how to give it's Wrongs a
(Name?)*

*My suff'ring Heart can all Relief refuse,
Rather than her, it did adore, accuse.*

*Teach me, ye Groves, some Art to ease my
(Pain,*

*Some soft Resentments that may leave no
(stain*

*On her lov'd Name, and then I will com-
(plain.)*

*'Till then to all my Wrongs I will be blind,
And whilst she's Cruel, call her but Unkind.*

*As all my Thoughts to please her were employ'd,
When of her Smiles the Blessing I enjoy'd,*

So now by her forsaken and forlorn,

I'll rack Invention to excuse her Scorn.

While she to Truth and me unjust do's prove,

From her to Fate the Blame I will remove;

Say, 'twas a Destiny she cou'd not shun,

Fate made her change, that I might be undone.

E'er with perfidious Guilt her Soul I'll tax,

I'll charge it on the Frailty of her Sex;

Doom'd her first Mother's even to pursue,

Shene'er was false, cou'd Woman have been true.

Let all her Sex henceforth be even so,

She had the Pow'r to make my Bliss or Woe,

And she has given my Heart it's mortal

(Blow.)

Drinking, that he had Mortgag'd and Sold all his Estate; and being much in Debt besides, he was forc'd to escape perishing in a Jayl, by going beyond Sea, where he died in great Want. His Wife being also ruin'd, came up to London again, where she turn'd common Whore about Town; but Youth forsaking her, as well as her Beauty fading, she turn'd Bawd, and kept a Brothel in *Milford-lane*, against *St. Clements Church* in the *Strand*. Here she traded in Iniquity for some Years; when being quite worn out with Age, and Diseases contracted by her juvenile Follies, she died so very Poor, that she was forc'd to be Buried at the Charge of the Parish.

Mrs. Raymond and the Earl
of D—.

MRS. Sarah Raymond was the Daughter of a Wealthy Citizen, living near *London-stone* in *Cannon-street*, but in less than a Year after she was Married, being
very

very Young, her Husband, who had spent her considerable Portion, using her with a great deal of Unkindness, she return'd home to her Father, at whose House the Lady L — then Lodging, her Ladyship's second Son, who was a Barrister of the *Middle-temple*, had the Opportunity of paying his Respects to her, for she had all the Accomplishments requir'd in the Female Sex to engage any Person to love her. The absolute hatred which she conceiv'd against her Husband's Extravagancy, which occasion'd him to abscond from his Creditors, incited her to let Esquire L — know that his Heart was worthy of receiving her Affection, which Favour he improv'd to the best Advantage; and then being eager of enjoying what he lov'd almost to Distraction, he sent her the following Billet.

What is it I should not tell you upon my Passion, and what Gratitude I owe you? 'Tis all much below what I feel, and there is nothing that can challenge a Comparison with what I would do for you. If you are the most lovely Woman in the World, I can swear to you, that I am the most tender

of all Men living. Let me know at what Hour I may come to assure you of it; but above all, hasten that happy Minute, for I protest, should you delay but never so little, I shall die with Impatience.

She no sooner read these Lines, but she had so much Goodness as not to dislike the Proofs he gave her of his Passion, and shortly after meeting her Lover, it was in such a critical Minute, which produc'd 'em a Child at the end of 9 Months. This Infant died, and also a second, got by the same Gentleman, who still ador'd her with his original Constancy. Two Years and half they were very happy in their Amours, when one Mr. B—— a young Gentleman accidentally happening into her Company, her charming Conversation made such an Impression upon the Faculties of his Soul, that he fell in Love with her, and pursu'd his Amours so closely with Success, that the Conquest he made over her Heart, incited her to despise her other Lover, whom she commanded never to come into her Presence again. This sudden Act of Inconstancy afflicted Esquire L—— with the most hea-

vy Inquietudes which could torment a Man for the loss of a Mistress, whom he lov'd without any Diffimulation. Now it was that he thought himself all along in an Error, to believe she lov'd none but him. O! said he, the last is always the most happy with her, and how easy is a Man, who sets up for Constancy, made a Bubble of. He exclaim'd against the whole Sex in general, and bestow'd a Thousand Cur-ses upon his Mistress in particular: But all in vain, for Mr. B—— had her now in his own Possession at Lodgings in *Durham-yard*; where he kept her in spite of her old Lover's Wrath, Husband's Jealousy, and her Father's Dis-pleasure.

By this second Lover she had a Boy which died in it's Month; and after she was up again going with Mr. B—— to a Ball, where the Earl of D—— was present, her incomparable Beauty, which was the same now as at first, made that Peer her humble Ser-vant: But she being more constant to the Person with whom she now liv'd, than to her former Gallant, she gave no encouragement to his Lordship's

Address-

Addresses ; which he discontinu'd 'till he understood there was a falling out betwixt Mr. B—— and her ; when going one Morning to her Lodgings, and having a sight of her, alas! Madam (said he, looking upon her with a most tender Eye) I really love you ; ever since I first saw you, you have always appear'd in my Eyes, one of the most loveliest Women in the World ; and if I did not make my Addresses to you sooner, it was because I understood that Mr. B—— had got so firm footing there already, that I thought it impossible to supplant him ; but since you have found him unfaithful, leave him to his corrupted Palate, and let us make Peace together. Mr. B—— had now in a very ill Humour left Mrs. Raymond, and was gone into the Country without so much as taking his leave of her ; however, she was not of so severe a Temper as to be angry with him ; and judging she ought not to take every thing for Truth, which seem'd to be spoke to her only by chance, she thought it best to give a turn of a Jest, to what the Earl had propos'd to her in earnest ; and to break off the Discourse

course she pretended to be ill dispos'd, and therefore desired his Lordship's absence for the present.

In compliance to her Request he left her to herself; and receiving a Letter from Mr. B—— wherein he acquainted her of his Resolution of never seeing her again, the Contents thereof made her almost Mad. Sometimes she was for laying violent Hands upon her self; saying, I can't out-live the ill Reflections my Friends have made upon me, concerning the Scandal I have brought upon 'em. I am bound to curse my unfortunate Beauty, which is the cause of his Jealousy, and am resolv'd to finish what remains as yet undone. But these Expressions being only the effect of a freakish Passion, she had more Wit in her Anger than to throw her self into the Hands of Fate, by either Poniard, Halter, or Poyson. Now two Months and more being elapsed since she heard from Mr. B—— strange and cruel Emotions arose in this Gentlewoman's Heart, to see the only Man in the World, for whom she had had the greatest Tenderneſs, to play her such a Game: And being told
by

by an acquaintance of his, how he made
er the scoffing Subject of his Merri-
ment in all Companies. O! thou most
erfidious (cry'd she) of all Men; is it
ot enough for you thus to slight me,
ut you must also poyson those Fa-
ours, for which you stand indebted to
ne, by turning them into Ridicule?
are these the products of your innu-
merable Oaths, and of your reiterated
Vows? Go, perjur'd Man! I leave you
o your self, and the Remorses of
your own Conscience; I am suffi-
ciently revenged, since I have Resolu-
tion enough left to tear you from my
Heart.

Here putting an end to her passion-
ate Reproaches, a Thousand Thoughts
came into her Head, about what she
should do in this Extremity; thinks she,
if she should apply her self to Esquire
L—— he would rebuke her for her
late Ingratitude to him; her Husband
would insult over her Folly; and her
Parents slight her for the Disgrace
which she had brought on their Fami-
ly. Mr. B—— allow'd her now no
Maintenance, and having pawn'd and
sold all that she had most valuable, she
was

was reduc'd to a very mean Condition however, rather than return to her Friends, she took Pen, Ink, and Paper in Hand, and writ a very obliging Letter to the Earl of D—— wherein expressing her Misfortunes in a very moving manner, in the Conclusion thereof she signified how sorry she was in slighting his Passion, but if he was pleas'd now to grant her Admission into his Favour, she should think herself the happiest Woman upon Earth. The Letter came safe to his Lordship's Hands, and when he found the Contents thereof, his Resentment of her indifferency towards him when he first Address'd her, incited him to send her the following Song, in Allusion to her present Circumstance, which was,

Needs must, when the Devil drives.

I.

Phyllis, the fairest of Love's Foes,
 Yet fiercer than a Dragon,
 Phyllis, that scorn'd the Powder'd Beams,
 What has she now to brag on?
 Since while she kept her Legs so close,
 Her Breech had scarce a Rag on.

II.

*Compell'd by Want, this wretched Maid,
Did sad Complaints begin;
Which surly Strephon hearing, said,
It was both Shame and Sin
To pity such a lazy Fade,
That wou'd neither kiss nor spin.*

Nevertheless, her Charms being too powerful to be resisted by the Earl's disdain, he could not conceal the violence of his Passion long before he reveal'd his Love, and maintain'd her like a Lady; but shortly after Mr. — coming to Town, who had only staid all this while in the Country to try her Constancy, and having Intelligence of her living with another person, he swore Revenge, which was to be no less than Death where-ever he met her. She being sensible that his Wrath was implacable, and preferring her Life before the Vanity of a little momentary Pleasure, she privately withdrew her self from her Lodgings, without the Earl's Knowledge, and went to *Rumsey* in *Hampshire*, where making a good Figure with what Money

ney and Presents she had receiv'd of his Lordship, she kept a Boarding-School, behaving her self so well, that she had the Children of most of the Gentry for many Miles round. But at last her Incontinency with the Dancing-Master, whom she kept to teach her Scholars being discover'd, she lost 'em all in a trice; which, with her Reputation spoil'd among those who took her to be as Chast as *Diana*, breaking her Heart, she died in a little time with Grief.

*The Lady — Gallant to the
Duke of Monmouth.*

THIS young Lady, married to a certain Lord, who was created an Earl in the Reign of King *William the Third*, and in whom Youth and Beauty flourish'd in a most eminent Degree, was belov'd by all that saw her; and being of a very gay Disposition, she seldom us'd to frighten away her Lovers with her Look.

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Coming frequently to Court, the Duke of *Monmouth* fell in Love with her, and she gave a favourable Ear to his Addresses. The King's Favour, and his high Station, being things suitable to her Vanity, she was very ambitious to enter into an Engagement with him, which she did so effectually on her side, that she lov'd him beyond what was consistent with her Repose.

This Intrigue was broken off and reviv'd several times: for now her Heart was intangled, it was impossible to abandon her Affections for the Duke, who was very Handsome, extremely well made, and had an Air of Greatness answerable to his Birth; he was brave even to a Fault, and expos'd himself in the Service Abroad, with a Courage not to be excell'd: As no Man had better natural Qualifications, so Care was taken in his Education to give him all those that were to be acquired by Art: He Danc'd extremely well, and with an Air that charm'd all that saw him: His Heart was always divided betwixt Love and Glory: He had in short all the Accomplishments of a fine Gentleman: But it must be allow'd

allow'd that they were allay'd with too much Ambition, which made him despise the Dukes of *Grafton*, *Southampton*, *Northumberland*, *Richmond*, and all the King's Children, and pretended to a great Difference betwixt himself and them; this was a sufficient Motive to exasperate them against him, and upon all occasions willingly to declare for the Party that oppos'd him. However, it was no Wonder he was so much addicted to Love, being the Son of *Charles the Second*. This Prince had many Mistresses, yet none whom he so tenderly Lov'd as *Madam Barlow*, Mother to the Duke of *Monmouth*; she was so perfect a Beauty, and so charm'd and transported the King, when he first saw her in *Wales*, that amidst the Misfortunes which disturb'd the first Years of his Life and Reign, he enjoy'd no Satisfaction or Pleasure but in Loving and being Beloved by this charming Mistress. The Equipage he allow'd her, the Care he took to please her, and the Complaisance he had for her were so exceedingly great (this being his first Passion, and he being in the Bloom of his Youth, a time when the

Heart

Heart is throughly possess'd with the Power of Love, attempts every thing it is capable of for the Person beloved) made the World believe he had promis'd her Marriage. This Error so agreeably flatter'd the Vanity of the Duke of *Monmouth*, that tho' he was satisfied, there was nothing of Truth in the matter, yet he acted as if he was fully assur'd of its Reality; and there were not a few who sooth'd him in the Mistake: And this Surmise joyn'd with the Tenderness the King express'd for him, set a particular Distinction (as above hinted) betwixt him and those other young Noblemen, who were own'd by the King of *England*. The personal Advantages of the Duke, and the King's Favour, drew after him so great a *Levee*, that the presumptive Heir of the Crown could not be treated with more Deference or Respect. Most of the Female Sex lov'd him, especially the above said Lady, as may be seen by the following Letter.

If either your Pleasures or your Business, in which you are always concern'd, leave you some few Moments to dispose in Fa-

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your

your of me, I should be very glad to entertain you. How great soever my Aversion may be to new Acquaintance, yours I esteem above any thing in this World: And tho' I make very extraordinary Steps for a Woman, that always pretended to Regularity; I am satisfy'd, my Lord, I shall have no reason to repent.

This was the first Letter her Ladyship writ to his Grace; at the Receipt whereof he was overjoy'd, at the Permission She gave him, to pay his Services to her; and he had never spoke to her in private, but always liked her extreamly. This Intrigue was not carry'd on so privately, but the Lord — knew thereof, and had quarrell'd with the Duke for his Familiarity with his Lady, had he not been with-held by some Considerations; for reflecting he had to do with the Son and Favourite of a King, he checkt the first Motions of his Resentment; but to speak Truth, his Lordship was obliged to put his Horns quietly into his Pocket, because he had not Courage enough to fight the Duke of *Monmouth*; for he mortally hated such a kind of chimerical Notions, which vanquish
Reas

Reason, and make People cut one anothers Throats for a Whore. But having a Heart big enough to insult over a Woman, he bound his Wife to her good Behaviour, by keeping her under a close Confinement, as a *Sultan* does his Mistresses in the *Seraglio*; which was such a Mortification to the Duke, who had not been happy in seeing her for above Three Months; when in a melancholly Mood, locking himself up in his Closet one Day, he order'd his *Valet de Chambre*, to let nobody to him, except the Lady — or any Messenger from her. It began to be late, he was told the King wanted to speak with him; but being resolv'd not to stir abroad, Word was sent he was not at home. Now all may be sensible with what Impatience a Man desires to see what he loves, without the least Exaggeration, every Hour seem'd to him a Week. At last comes a Man into his Closet, dress'd like a Messenger, with a Cap on his Head pull'd over his Face, booted and spurr'd, with a Whip in his Hand, who presented to the Duke a Billet

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from

from the Lady — which contain'd the following Contents.

Every thing seems to prove contrary to the Desire I have of seeing you: I flatter'd my self that my Gentlewoman might have had Dexterity enough to convey me out of my House without being seen; but all her Contrivance can't come up to that of my jealous Husband; he watches me more carefully than if I were a Prisoner of State, guilty of some Capital Crimes, for whom he was to be responsible. I declare to you I am almost desperate, I fear every thing, and hope for little; my only Comfort under these Misfortunes, is, that I believe you are sensible of them, and that you will neglect nothing that may put an End to them.

The reading of this Billet caus'd the Duke abundance of Vexation; he found himself frustrated of a Pleasure, where-with he had flatter'd himself; and he fear'd that in endeavouring to do a Piece of Service to the Lady against her Husband; would make such a Noise at Court, as might compleat her Ruin. He was ruminating upon these matters, and the Messenger staid all this while: At last

he ask'd him, whether he would undertake to deliver his Answer to the same Person that had given him the Billet? He said, no; and that he was going into *Hampshire* upon Business for his Lord. Well Friend, said the Duke, go where you will; and so gave him some Guineas for his Reward. He went to the Door, but as he was pulling off his Cap to take his leave, he perceiv'd a Head of Hair, which being of the finest Colour in the World, spread all over the Shoulders down to the Knees. The pretended Messenger throwing them aside, discover'd a little Hand whiter than Snow, and a most charming Face, which prov'd the Lady to be there her self in Disguise. The Pleasure of the Surprize was no small Addition, than to that of seeing her. He made her sensible of his Satisfaction by such lively Expressions, but so disorderly withal, that his Disturbance sufficiently discover'd to her the present State of his Heart. Being over-joy'd at her happy Escape from the most jealous of Husbands, he kept her in private Lodgings for above Three
G. 3. Months,

Months, to the great Perplexity of the Lord: But the Duke falling into Disgrace at Court, from whence he withdrew himself in Discontent, her Ladyship was oblig'd to return home again to her provoked Husband, who then kept her under a closer Restraint than before; and would very often shut himself up in a Closet adjoining to the Room, where he could hear and see, without being seen, all She said or did.

Afterwards, his Grace going into *Holland*, and returning from thence with about Eighty Men, and a considerable Quantity of Arms and Ammunition, landed at *Lyme* in *Dorsetshire*, declaring his Intention to deliver the Kingdom from the Danger it was likely to be brought into, by the prevailing Power of the Papists, under the Influence of a King who had professed himself openly to be of the *Romish* Communion; and encreasing his Forces in the West, and causing himself to be proclaim'd King, not only the standing Guards, but a great number of new raised Forces were sent against him, with whom he had many Skir-

Skirmishes, in which divers were kill'd on both sides. But at last, the Duke in the dead of the Night, endeavour'd to surprize King James's Forces, encamped on Sedgmore near Bridgewater; commanding the Foot in Person, and contrary to the Rule, *never trust a Man whom you have made a Cuckold*, ordering the Lord — with the Horse to take a Compass, and fall in the Rear, but the Design through the Lord's Treachery, being discover'd by an early Alarum, after many brisk Firings between the Foot, and the Duke's Horse not coming timely up, the King's Horse entred the Ranks, and disordering them, they fled in great Confusion, and a piteous Slaughter ensu'd, in which Two Thousand Men were slain. The Duke with most of the Commanders escaped the Field, but having been attainted in Parliament, and a *Præmium* of Five Thousand Pounds set upon his Head, he was taken in the Inclosures near Holt-lodge, and by easie Marches being brought to *White-hall*, he was by the Council committed to the Tower, and

the Third Day after brought to the Scaffold on *Tower-hill*, where his Head was severed from his Body at 5 Stroaks, so barbarous was his Execution.

Mrs. C ——— and King
James II.

THIS Gentlewoman, whose unhappy Fall was the Rise of her Relations, being one of the Maids of Honour to the Dutchess of *York*, her extraordinary Beauty forced his Royal Highness to have a great Passion for her; but her Heart being fixed on the Duke of *Monmouth*, she gave no Encouragement to the Duke of *York's* Amours, who was also sensible of their Intrigue; for one Day having the Opportunity of finding Mrs. C ——— alone, after a little Discourse about matters indifferent, he said, you cannot disown the Passion the Duke of *Monmouth* has for you, and it is no difficult matter to perceive what passes

passes between you, and with what Care you endeavour to conceal it from me: Do you think it easie to deceive me? That is, answer'd she, what I never design to do; and I have no desire to engage your Inclinations more than they are; for I must declare to you, that you do not touch my Heart enough, to make me capable of deceiving you. His Highness thought this Answer so rude, that he was confounded, and knew not at first what Answer to return, but his Passion soon o'ercoming his Anger, he put on a complaisant and smiling Air; I see then (said he) I must ask your Pardon; the fair Sex has a right of doing Injustice, and ours have not even the Liberty to complain; but for all that, added he, I have a Favour to beg, which you must promise me to grant. I promise nothing, reply'd Mrs. C — smiling, I will give you Hopes and Fears. Ha! Madam, interrupted the Duke, banish this Error so common to your Sex, and so ill grounded; for my Part, if any thing could disengage my Inclinations, it would be the Rival I meet in my way.

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way. What reason have you, Sir, said she to him, to distrust your Merit; in my Opinion, a Person who deserves so much as your Highness, should always triumph over his Rivals, and never fear them. You endeavour in vain, dear Madam, reply'd he, to restore my Peace with so frail a Comfort as Flattery. As I am persuaded you are a less Coquet than another, so am I well assur'd, you would be unwilling to lose your Lover, *Monmouth*, and I am not Master enough of my Jealousie to suffer that without Inquietude. Then going out of her Chamber, went into the Park, where perceiving, going out of her Chamber, the Duke of *Monmouth* whom he follow'd at some Distance, and seeing him drop a Piece of Paper, he took it up, and found it to be a Billet from C ——— wherein were these Words. *I cannot meet you till to morrow Evening, and then in the Gallery at the End of her Highnesses Apartment, I shall expect you; fail not.* This Assignment almost distracted the Duke of *York*: Can a Girl (said he) I love, be inclinable to sacrifice me to the Duke of *Monmouth*?

Monmouth? Who, tho' 'tis true loved her first; yet had I flatter'd my self with being able to oblige her to prefer me before him. He found in his Mind a Thousand Designs to revenge himself, and with these Resolutions went to Bed, without being in a Condition of taking any Rest, for the Night seem'd to him to be dedicated solely to Troubles and Afflictions.

The Duke of *Monmouth* was intirely satisfied with this Billet, which he had dropt out of his Pocket, but as yet knew not that he had lost it. In the mean time the amorous and jealous Duke of *York*, wholly employ'd his Thoughts on disappointing his Grace of their agreeable Rendezvous. For the King going a hunting on the Day when the Duke of *Monmouth* was to meet Mrs. C — his Grace was one whom his Majesty had order'd to attend him: Then the Duke of *York* went home, and counterfeiting as well as he could the Duke of *Monmouth's* Character, from some Letters he had of his, he writ the following Lines in Answer to the Billet he had found.

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I cannot go into the Gallery without passing by her Highnesses Chamber, who I fear may stop me, and engage me at Play. I think therefore it would be better to meet in the little Apartment of the Princess; you can come there unobserved, and at my Return from hunting, I will with all haste wait on you there.

The Duke of York order'd a Messenger, who was not known to Mrs. C ——— to find out some way of giving this Billet to her, as from the Duke of Monmouth; which she favourably receiv'd: And the Hour approaching when she was to make him happy, she pretended to go into her Chamber to write, but slipping down a Pair of private Stairs, got into another Room, without being perceiv'd by any body. It being a clear Moon Light Night, she shut the Shutters, and then placed her self in one Corner of the Room, to avoid being seen, in case somebody else should happen to come that way. The Duke of York was too desirous to see her to let her tarry, but entred the Room exactly at the appointed time; whilst Mrs. C ——— who feared lest any Body but the Duke of Monmouth should

should come, kept close in a Corner, hoping he would open the Shutters and discover himself ; but his Highness, whose Business was not to be seen, kept in the Dark, asking only with a low Voice, *Are you there ? Pray answer me.* Mrs. C — who did not question but that it was the D. of M. answer'd, *yes I am ?* 'Tis hard to guess at the various Motions this Adventure rais'd in the Duke of York's Heart : He was overjoy'd at so favourable an Opportunity of entertaining this young Gentlewoman, but almost distracted to think, that the Appointment should not be of his own making : He look'd upon it as inglorious, to usurp thus his Rival's Place ; and more than once was in a mind to go away, but at last drew nearer : She told him, do you see, my Lord, what I do for you, only to speak with you ? Is not this sufficient to convince you, that you have the Preference in my Heart ? And hereafter I hope you will not torment me, on Account of the Duke of York ? Is it possible (said he, with a disguised Voice) that you can sacrifice him for me ? And that you have no Inclination

tion for him? I will sacrifice him to you (she reply'd) with all my Heart; but as I love to deal upon Honour, I won't deny but that he appears worthy of Love to me. I have observ'd, (said he, interrupting her) that he loves you, and that he is very fond of telling you so; nay there appears a certain Languishment in his Eyes, when he is with you, which is not observable in him, in the Company of other Ladies. I have my self (added she) taken notice of that; I believe I am not altogether indifferent to him. He has made his brag, said he, that you have promis'd him a Share in your Heart; and that if he will continue to serve you, you will break off with me. I am (reply'd she) surpriz'd, how he dares to speak such an Untruth! And you are (said the Duke, reassuming his natural Voice) surpriz'd thereat! You are surpriz'd, ungrateful Woman! And you are come hither to sacrifice my Passion, to one below me.

Mrs. C ——— discovering him to be the Duke of York, with such a Commotion as is easie to be imagin'd, stood for some time like one struck dumb; and

and the Duke was going to leave her, when she flew to him, and said, Oh! hear me, an't please your Highness one Minute. I am a going to tell what you will not dislike: 'Tis you alone I love, and you alone have all my Esteem. That is plain, Madam, answer'd he, it appears so; you could have taken no better Method to convince me. What would you (said she, with Tears in her Eyes) have me do? I was no sooner brought to Court, but the Duke of *Monmouth* made his most passionate Addresses to me, and quitted my Lady — who lov'd him most dearly. Seeing my Vanity, and my self thus flatter'd, by the Preference given me to so lovely a Lady, my Heart then as yet in the first State of its Innocency, received with Pleasure the Sighs of this new Lover, who I thought would have married me after the Death of his Dutcheß, who had been very ill for a considerable time. Flatter'd with these Hopes, I was the sooner induc'd to receive his Letters, and send him some of mine. Alas! I am disclosing to you such matters as are much to my Disadvantage, on purpose

purpose to make you sensible at least of this, that after being engaged so far with a Person of so little Moderation, and of so cholerick a Disposition; I saw I was obliged in spite of my self, to tread in the Path I had so imprudently chosen. Would you an't please your Highness, have me expos'd to his ill Tongue? And would you think one worthy of your Affection, after having lost my Reputation in the World? These Words being accompanied with Tears, the Duke of York was actually perswaded of her Innocency. He had lov'd her since her Engagement with the Duke of Monmouth; and he had too good an Opinion of his own Deserts, as not to believe himself to hold the best Place in her Heart beyond his Rival. His only Care was now how to maintain this favourable Disposition in her, which was soon effected by getting her with Child of the present Duke of B ——— one of the Marshals of France: But the whole Intrigue being divulg'd at Court, and the Dutchess of York especially having taken an exact Account of it, she was highly incens'd against Mrs. C ——— and

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and as her Conduct had not been pleasing to her upon several other Accounts, she would not suffer her to continue any longer in her Service.

*The Dutcheſs of Mazarine, and
the Duke of A ———*

ALL that knew the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine*, muſt allow her to have had Charms, that render'd her the moſt agreeable of her Sex, which made her Houſe the Rendezvouz of all the Men of Wit and Quality, and the Scene of all the News of the Town, of Gaming, Entertainments, and all manner of Diversions. She had a great many Admirers, but among all the Noblemen that endeavour'd to obtain her Heart, her Affections were intirely fixt upon the Duke of ——— one of the Natural Sons of King *Charles* the Second; who being a very intriguing Spark, often made her jealous, as particularly once at *Whitehall*, when talking very amoreuſly to a young Lady, whoſe

whose Beauty attracted the Eyes of
 many to behold her, her Grace made
 a Thousand Signs to him, to deſiſt
 from what ſo highly diſpleas'd her, of
 which he took no Notice ; ſo that be-
 ing unable to bear any longer his Con-
 verſation with her Rival, ſhe call'd
 him to ſhew him a Bracelet of Dia-
 monds, which ſhe ſaid ſhe had bought.
 It vext the Duke of — to leave the
 young Lady, and he had not gone
 from her, had he not fear'd his Inci-
 vility to her Grace, would have been
 too much taken notice of. So ſoon as
 he came to her, ſhe after having men-
 tion'd her Bracelet, ſaid in a low
 Voice, you will never forgive me, Sir,
 the ſeparating you from an Object,
 you take ſo much delight in. No Ob-
 ject (reply'd the Duke with a forc'd
 Air, which was too well perceiv'd by
 a Woman ſo diſcerning) pleaſes me
 more than your Grace ; but I muſt
 confeſs I was willing to divert my ſelf
 at the Expence of the Duke of *Mon-*
mouth, for a Trick he lately play'd me.
 I am much miſtaken (ſaid ſhe briskly)
 if he does not divert himſelf himſelf at
 yours: I perceive in his Eyes ſo much
 Satisf-

Satisfaction, as easily gives me room for this Conjecture; but (added she) do you observe nothing, Sir, in mine? Have you forgot your Custom, of knowing by them my very Soul? Which if you look into, can you believe I can endure so much Indifference and Infidelity? She look'd earnestly on him in saying this, and as it is difficult to sustain the Looks and Reproaches of a Person forsaken without a Cause, and who notwithstanding ceases not to love, he blush'd and was confounded; her Grace for her Part, cast down her Eyes, and remain'd quite lost in Thought, from which the Duke hasten'd to recover her.

Being somewhat recover'd from her Stupefaction, she said, if after this you do not think me sufficiently unhappy, in your loving another, add to my Affliction, by the most cruel Torments you can invent. She appear'd so much afflicted at these Words, and so fair in his Eyes, that the Duke who before had had some Inclinations of her Love, which he was scarce able to resist, could not find in his Heart, to give her any farther occasion of Trouble.

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The Condition you are in at preſent, Madam ſaid he, is a ſufficient Revenge to me, and I ſhould upbraid my ſelf, ſhould I add new Occaſion of Inquietude to your Troubles ; but at leaſt aſſiſt me, in telling how I may make you eaſie. If it be not too late, reply'd ſhe, there is nothing can give me Eaſe, but your Conſtancy, ſince my Dealings with you have been too full of Sincerity. I have ſacrific'd many Noblemen for you, I have born with Patience your Indiscretion, in giving her you was juſt now talking to, an Account of our Secrets ; ſhe has inſulted over me, as if my Birth was inferior to hers, and nothing but the Advantage ſhe had got over me by your Imprudence, could have made her take that Liberty. Senſible to the higheſt Degree of this Affront, as indeed I ought to be. I flatter'd my ſelf you would endeavour to afford me ſome Conſolation ; I intended to tell you my Grief before now, and to make you ſenſible of my Afflictions ; but for the ſake of another, whom I am ſure loves not with half my Paſſion, you have of late lookt upon me
with

with a haughty and proud Air, scarce to be express'd. Her Reproaches and Tears were undeniable Signs to the Duke, that she was touched to the Heart; for he still loved her; and this other Lady had not yet got so far Possession of his Heart, as to have been able to chase thence her Rival, in so little a time, as they had been acquainted. Since your Constancy, Madam, said he, with a most tender and agreeable Look, is confin'd to nobody else but my self, I will ever be constant to you. And as he promis'd, so he was; for he was her very humble Servant to command, till she had almost consum'd his Estate, and to make him amends, had much impair'd his Health, by giving his Grace her Country Disease.

Madam

*Madam Clark Mistress to the
Earl of Rochester.*

THE Earl of *Rochester*, eminently noted for his lewd Poems, and Pieces of Debauchery, being one Summer at his Seat at *Woodstock* in *Oxfordshire*, as he was riding with 5 or 6 of his Attendance, a Foot-pace towards a Gentleman's House, whom he had promis'd the Honour of his Company at Dinner, being advanc'd within a Musquet shot thereof, he saw through a by Lane a Horse coming full speed, and upon it a very young Gentlewoman, that not being able to govern it, did what she could to keep her Saddle. The Earl and those that were with him, posted themselves at the Entrance of the Lane, where the Horse being stopt in his Career, flew aside, leapt the Hedge, and left his Rider behind him. As soon as she was come to the Ground, Two of the Gentlemen made what haste they could to her Assistance; but she was too nimble for them, and got upon her Feet before they could come

come to her. When she was got on Horseback, the Fright she was in, had made her look as pale as Death ; but being conscious, that in the Fall she had discover'd one of her Legs, at least as far as her Knee, and finding herself alone, among so many Men, when she look'd up, her Blushes had painted her Cheeks with a lovely red. The Violence of the Motion had made her lose all her Head-cloths ; and her long black Hair, of which she had abundance, playing loosely about, almost cover'd her Back and Shoulders. Nothing could be whiter than her Skin, and her Eyes had something in them so sprightly and engaging, that the Earl beholding her in this careless Posture, thought he had never seen any thing so charming before ; and having order'd Two of his Grooms to catch her Horse, entreated her to take some Refreshment at the next House. She took a large Handkerchief out of her Pocket, ty'd it about her Head, and having tuckt up and hid as much of her Hair as she could, obligingly accepted of the Offer that was made her. She told the Earl, who walk'd a foot along

along with her, that she liv'd with her Grandmother, whose Habitation was not above 2 Miles from thence, and that she was the Daughter of one *Mr. Clark*, an eminent *Turkey Merchant* living in *Watling-street* in *London*. Tho' this Gentlewoman was not above Fifteen, and had the Innocence and Sweetness in her Face belonging to that Age, yet in her Discourse and Mien, she shew'd a Discretion far above it; and had something so commanding in her Eyes, as drew Respect from all that beheld her. The Earl was infinitely pleas'd with her, and having complimented her upon the Happiness of having 'scap'd so great a Danger, under several Protestations of his wishing for an opportunity to serve her, they enter'd the House where he was expected. As soon as they were come in, he recommended this fair Stranger to the Mistress of it, who being inform'd of what had happen'd, took the lovely Gentlewoman up into her Closet, and furnish'd her with a Suit of Head-cloaths, and several little Accoutrements she wanted. *Madam Clark* having learn'd from her, that

was the Earl of *Rochester* that had brought her in, as soon as she was come down again, begg'd his Lordship's Pardon, that for want of knowing his Person, she had fail'd in the Respect that was due to his Quality. The Disorders of her Dress being rectified, she appear'd abundantly more Beautiful to the Earl than before, and every thing she said or did, was so ravishing to him, that before they went to Dinner she had made an absolute Conquest of his Heart.

After Dinner the Earl and his beautiful Mistress went and walk'd in the Garden, where having said abundance of obliging Things to her, they both came in again; when asking for her Horse, she desired to take her leave, but it being not thought advisable she should venture upon a Horse, that had thrown her before, they sent her Home in a Coach. Next Day the Earl went to give her a Visit, and had a long Conference with her Grandmother, who kept her Coach and liv'd in very good Fashion. She had been Married twice, and enjoy'd about Eight Hundred Pounds *per Annum* for Life, which was the Income of two Joyntures, of

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which, after her Death, one was to go to a Grandson of hers, and the other to a Kinsman of her second Husband's: Besides this, she had Five Thousand Pounds in Money, which she design'd for this young Madam Clark. The Earl saw that he had gain'd but little upon the charming Gentlewoman this first Visit, her Heart being already too much engag'd with a Barrister in Lincoln's-Inn, and therefore, to lose no Time resolv'd to make his chief Applications to her Grandmother in his next. The old Woman knew that the Earl was Married, and that he could have no other aim, than to debauch her Grandaughter, and at best keep her for a Mistress; yet the Conversation and Addresses of a Man of his Quality, together with the Presents he made her, were such powerful Temptations, that she not only hearken'd to his Proposals, but likewise promis'd him, that she would make her Grandaughter so sensible of the Honour he did her, that he should have no reason to complain of her Conduct. Now Madam Clark was attack'd on both sides; yet, in spite of the Earl's Assaults, and the old Wo-

man's

man's Treachery, she remain'd unmoveable; whether a Principle of real Virtue, a dislike to something in the Earl's Person, or else the Love to her Sweet-heart, was the cause, could not easily be determin'd; but the Earl still continu'd his Addresses, for he really lov'd her, and was always charm'd with her Company, which never was deny'd him; yet having courted her very near a Twelvemonth, without being able to attain the height of his Wishes, he began to be tir'd: He had often proffer'd to settle Two Thousand Pounds *per Annum*, upon her for her Life; which, with the Respect he shew'd her, and his Assiduity in following her so long, without making any Progress, were undeniable Proofs of the Sincerity of his Passion.

The old Woman, perceiving that the Earl was out of Patience, began to be very angry with her Grandaughter, and instead of using Persuasions, as she had done hitherto, now storm'd at her, calling her obstinate Slut, and ungrateful Baggage, and daily told her, that if she would neglect her Fortune, when she might make it, she must never ex-

pect to see a Farthing of her Money, and withal ordered her to go Home to her Parents. Next Day Madam Clark being above in her Bed-chamber to pack up her things for her Journey, and the Earl coming to pay her a Visit as usual, he was surpriz'd when the old Woman told him her Grandaughter was going straight to *London*, and was ready to Swoon at the News; but to mitigate the great Disorder which he was in, she advis'd him to go up Stairs to her Grandaughter, who was all alone, and if fair means would not make her yield to his Passion, he might use foul if he pleas'd. Accordingly he waited on Madam Clark in Private, and finding that all his *Rhetorick* had not force-enough to tempt her to his Embraces, he began to use Violence. Whilst she was strugling on the Bed, and crying out for help in this Distress, his Lordship was the more obstinate in his Rape, repeating at the same time this Expression in the second Act of *Oedipus*, King of *Thebes*.

Tho

Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their
(Charms,
I'll break 'em, with Jocasta in my Arms :
Claspt in the Folds of Love, I'll wait my
(Doom ;
And act my Joys, tho' Thunder shakes the
(Room.

The old Woman hearing her Granddaughter put to the squeak, ran up Stairs as nimble as Threescore Years and Ten would permit her, to see what was the matter ; where finding a Tryal of Skill betwixt the Earl and the young Gentlewoman, and being one that lov'd to see Generation Work go forward, she piously gave an helping Hand, by holding her Legs 'til his Lordship had robb'd her of that Jewel which never could be retriev'd again. The loss of her Virginity (through the Perfidiousness of her Grandmother) was such a great Grief to her, that for above a Month after she was daily bursting out into Tears ; but through the cunning Insinuations of the old Bawd, and the extreme Civility of the Earl, being allur'd to accept of his Amours, she thought

it was her best way now to make the best of a bad Market, in becoming a Mistress to his Lordship, who allow'd her Seven Hundred and Fifty Pounds a Year, and daily lov'd her more and more; for her Beauty increasing as she grew up in Years, she made daily new Conquests, but was intirely constant to the Earl only. She had not liv'd in this State of Incontinency above a Year, before his Lordship was taken with that Illness which carried him to his Grave, when losing her Annuity, as well as the Favour of her Friends, who would not look upon her, for bringing this Disgrace and Scandal on her Family, she became a Woman of the Town, and ply'd constantly at a Coffee-House, which was a noted Brothel about Twenty Eight Years ago, within three or four Doors of the Fleet Prison; and what is remarkable, she Whor'd with so much Conduct, that in Eight or nine Years, as she follow'd that infamous Course of Life, she never was Pawn'd in any publick House, nor committed to Jayl: However her End was none of the best, for keeping one Newnam an Attorney for her Bully, and once

once refusing to let him have a certain Sum of Money which he demanded, he assaulted her in such a furious manner, that with the Blows which he gave her about the Head with his Cane, and Pummel of a Sword, whereby a Fracture was made in her Skul, she languish'd Four or five Days and then died, in the Twenty Eighth Year of her Age.

*Mrs. Turner and Earl of
Warwick.*

THE Extraction of this Lady of Pleasure being none of the greatest, we shall only say that Mrs. *Mabellab Turner*, who was Born in the Parish of *St. Giles* in the *Fields*, had very good Education bestow'd upon her, and being very handsome, she had several Suitors, some of whom designing to Ravish her, her Parents confin'd her as close as a Nun, which making her very uneasy, she crav'd for her usual Liberty, saying to her Mother, it is impossible a Woman that is really Virtuous, and remains so, should lose her

H. 4 Honour,

Honour, unless she be Ravish'd indeed, and then 'tis a Question, whether she loses it or not. The Mother reply'd, There is no doubt, but a Woman that is Murder'd, loses her Life as much as she that dies of a Fever; whereupon being sensible that no Woman, though of the most exemplary Virtue, is able to withstand the Treachery of some Men; the Daughter had very little Liberty abroad, without a careful Guardian to look after her, 'til she was married to one *John Turner*, an *Iron-monger*, by whom she had a Child, and then being captivated her self with a Gentleman, whom she thought (and not wrongfully) a Person far exceeding her Husband, not only in Person, but also in extraordinary natural and acquired Parts, she eloped with her Gallant, who being cloy'd with her in a Fortnight's time, sent her Home to her Husband again, or else the poor Cuckold had gone distracted.

She was received by her Husband and Friends with a great deal of Joy and good Manners; and it is to be suppos'd that she had not gone so soon astray, had not he been one of those

for

sort of Men, who, after a Twelve-month's Marriage, thinks the most beautiful, and the most indifferent Woman, the same. However, he could not be call'd an unkind Husband, for he gave her whatever she ask'd, let her crave what she pleas'd, was seldom out of Humour, always treated her civilly, and lov'd no other Women; yet he wanted that engaging Tenderness, which is the Soul of Love. He was hardly ever at Home, but a Nights, and at Dinner-time. In the Morning he minded getting of Money, and his Afternoon and Evening were consecrated to his Diversion, and the Enjoyment of his Bottle and Friend. 'Tis true, *Mabellah* had no more Affection for him, when he marry'd her, than for a Stranger she had never seen, and lov'd him, only because she knew it to be her Duty to her Parents Command. Being a witty Woman, that was conscious of her own Charms, and had refin'd Notions of Love, she could take but little delight in a Husband's Indifferency, that knew no other way of expressing his Kindness, but by his Embraces; a Palate like her's could not relish the coarsest
H S. Food.

Food of Love, unless it had been season'd with that obliging softness, and anxious regard, in which the Delicacy of the Passion consists. She was ('til she made the abovesaid Slip) very reserv'd, and being careful of her Reputation as well as her Virtue, very circumspect in all her Behaviour, and wonder'd her Husband would often come in with a Friend, leave him alone with her, and go about his Business, without shewing any concern, or ever after examining into his Conduct, more than if she had been an old Woman, that had nothing tempting about her. This she thought was a great carelessness, if not a despicable neglect, in a Man that had a young and beautiful Wife, and seldom convers'd with Men of the strictest Chastity.

This lost Sheep being return'd Home again, to retrieve her late forfeited Reputation, she seem'd to be more Chast than a Vestal Virgin: And on the other hand one would think her Husband would have observ'd the old Proverb, *a burnt Child dreads the Fire*: But forgetting his former Disgrace, he soon after

after involv'd himself thus into another. The mad Earl of *Warwick* having heard of *Mabellab's* new Reservedness, as well as dazzling Beauty, he thought, among the rest of his Amours, that attacking her would be a noble Enterprize. Being resolv'd upon this, and pretending to be a *Barrister*, he made himself acquainted with her Husband, put on the facetious Humour he lik'd, and in a little time so bewitch'd him with his Company, that he could hardly live a Day without him. In Conversation, the Earl in Disguise always pretended to be a great Stranger to Love and Courtship, one that was no Admirer of the Ladies, and preferr'd a Bottle of Claret to all the Favours the finest Woman in *Christendom* had to bestow. Mr. *Turner*, who kept a very good House, had often invited him to Dinner, but the Earl, upon some Pretence or other, had always refus'd him. They had known one another about a Month, when his Lordship being at the Tavern with Mr. *Turner*, and others, told the Company, that he was weary of *Gray-Inn*, and design'd to take Lodgings abroad, if he could meet with a Place

to

to his Mind. A Day or two after he had given this hint, talking of it seriously to Mr. *Turner*, he told him, that he would not be with People that us'd to let their Rooms, that he hated the fiddle-faddle of a great many Women in a House, and the bawling of Children ; but wish'd he could get in some quiet neat Family, of either a Merchant or good Tradesman, that kept a good Table, such an one that was a little of his own Humour, that would be merry, and drink a Bottle with him in an Evening. He nam'd a great many other things, describing the particulars he wanted, with so much cunning, that without discovering his Aim, you could hardly have found two Houses in all *London*, where those Requisites were to be met with, besides Mr. *Turner's* own. The Earl need not to have been so overcautious, for Mr. *Turner* being so wholly wrapt up with him, that having swallow'd the Hook before the other had half finish'd his Cant, was overjoy'd at the Thoughts of having him so near him, immediately after an obliging manner profer'd him what Conveniencies his House could afford.

Accor

Accordingly the Earl of *Warwick* came to his new Lodgings, in the House of Mr. *Turner*, whose Wife, as soon as she had thrown her Eyes upon his Lordship, and survey'd his courtly Mien, presently concluded from his gallant Air, that it would not be long before she should be attack'd, and arming her self with the Virtue she had before she first defil'd her Husband's Bed, kept upon her Guard ; but when Eight or Ten Days being elaps'd, the Earl made not the least Advances, and *Mabella* having been alone with him several times, had not discover'd, by either Word or Look, the smallest Symptom of what she fear'd, she could not tell what to make of him. He had an admirable knack of telling a Story, yet he never troubled his Company with any, but what were very much *apropos*, and seem'd to be wanted, or ever brought in two at one time, that tended to the same purpose, though his Head contain'd choice Varieties of them upon almost every Subject. This made him always new, as well as agreeable in Conversation : All his Discourse was as chaste and clean, as it was sprightly and

and diverting: He never made use of a double Entendre, or any Expression, though in the highest of his Mirth, that had the least tendency to Looseness or Immorality. *Satyr* he pretended not to be his Province, and never meddled with it upon any Account whatsoever: The only thing he sometimes ridicul'd, was Love, always taking care, that his Esteem and Veneration to the fair Sex, should be as conspicuous, as his Defiance which he bid to their Power. This latter, in a Person of his Aspect, and of his Politeness to *Mabellah*, was the most surprizing of all. She never had yet been in a Man's Company, but more or less, in either his Countenance, Speech, or Actions, she had observ'd, that the piercing Lustre of her Eyes made some Impression upon his Soul; but only the Earl, with an unaffected Freedom, could gaze on them without any Concern at all. Now behold what strange perverse Creatures Women are! The wary *Mabellah*, who would so bravely have resisted him, in case he had assaulted her with Love, she that prepar'd herself for a vigorous Defence, whilst she

dreaded the danger of Vice, was foil'd by well dissembled Virtue, and envying his cold Indifferency, was ready to Quarrel at the Weakness of her Charms, 'til quite disarm'd of all her Fear, she almost could have wish'd him less insensible.

However, the Earl having been six Months at their House, and not able any longer to stifle his Passion, a deep Melancholy suddenly seiz'd him, in-somuch that all his Sprightliness and Gayety was gone. It was so visible to *Mabellab*, that she was much afflicted to see him in that Condition; and remembering how he always us'd to laugh at being in Love, at first could not suspect the Cause, 'til at last, thinking it might be a Punishment upon him, for confiding too much in his own Strength, she was resolv'd to try him. She now was as familiar, and us'd the same Freedom with him, as if he had been her Brother; and one Night talking together, her Husband happening not to be at Home, the Earl counterfeited one that is very sad, and endeavour'd to appear otherwise; when *Mabellab* taking hold of this opportunity, said to him,

don't

don't you know the Proverb, Sir? *Love and Cough won't be hid.* 'Tis in vain you strive to Conceal it. She look'd upon him, and saw him in so great a Confusion, that she wish'd she had not nam'd it. He presently seem'd to recover himself, and with a great deal of Concern, denying the Charge, took abundance of Pains to divert her from that Thought; looking all the while like one that sees his most weighty Secret betray'd. Now *Mabellah* knew the Distemper, but how to find out the Cause, she could not tell: Who was the wonderful Fair, that triumph'd over that Heart which she always thought Impregnable. The first she thought on, was her self; and her Thoughts being thus employ'd to find out the Distemper of the Earl's Rest, she design'd to watch him narrowly, if it was possible, to dive farther into his Secret, with a Resolution of keeping whatever she should discover of it: And now she observ'd, that he had lost that Freedom of his Look, which had been so remarkable in him, and seem'd to be afraid of encountering her Eyes. She likewise found, that he shun'd to be alone with her; but that if

he was, and thought himself unobserv'd, he would stare at her with greater Eagerness than ever he had done before; if when his Eyes were fix'd upon her, she look'd upon him suddenly, they were immediately cast down, as it were in a hurry, or else his Head was quite turn'd aside; sometimes when he thought himself catch'd at it, he would start back, and often go away in Disorder, and leave her.

These Symptoms would not let her doubt any longer, but that it was herself who unknowingly had kindled the Fire that consum'd him; and thinking the Earl's Heart an inestimable Prize, her Weakness suggested her to take the Advantage of this mighty Conquest. In the mean time such an incomparable Counterfeit was his Lordship, and so beautifully could he represent a struggling Passion, that though the Villain was calm within, he made the witty, clear-sighted *Mabellah* believe, that nothing could exceed the Violence of his Love, unless it was the Reluctancy of his Virtue made to suppress it. Having acted this for a while, and wounded up *Mabellah's* to the highest pitch of Love, as well as Compassion, being one Day alone

alone with him in his Chamber, she sat herself down by his Bed-side, and gently began to Probe his Wound; telling him, she was sure there was something that oppress'd his Spirits, and fear'd he did himself harm with too anxiously keeping a Secret that disturb'd him. Be not (said she) too scrupulous in trusting your Friends, but candidly unbosom your self, that if they can lend no Assistance, they yet may have the Satisfaction of shewing their Pity. Think not, unfeign'd Friend, that I say this, mov'd by an impertinent Curiosity, to dive into the Recesses of your Thoughts; but believe me, Sir, that in my Soul I feel a near Regard, and am possess'd with a more solicitous Care for your Welfare, than perhaps you imagine I am capable of. Having thus affectionately express'd her self with a low melodious Voice, and the sweetness of a blessing Angel, she left off, seeming to expect an Answer; which the infernal Hypocrite made in this manner. By what mysterious Power you have reveal'd a Secret, which I thought I hid with such uncommon Care, I cannot tell; but find your Wit (Madam) is as piercing as your Beauty. Yes, Mabellah, I Love; and I Love you; and for that Love

shall die, unless you prove kind. His Lordship's great Passion then prevailing over her promis'd Virtue again, she made a Second Elopement from her Husband, to whom she was sent by the Earl as soon as his great Passion was over, which was in less than a Month: But the Cuckold giving her but a very cold Reception, it was not long before he paid her in her own Coyn; for carrying on an Intrigue with another Man's Wife, he so far gain'd his Point, that she consented to go to *Mary-land* with him, where they now live; and as for *Mabellah*, when she found her self deserted by him, who had the only Title to her Love, she died shortly after raving Mad with Grief.

The Lady Mordaunt, and Monsieur Germain.

THE Lady *Mary Mordaunt*, Daughter to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Peterborough*, became a Dutchesse by being Espous'd to the late Duke of *Norfolk*, Hereditary Earl Marshal of *England*;

When Adam saw the Beauty by his Side
With new Born Joy he view'd the charming

(Bride

Her, whom he knew on no small Errand sent

Because procur'd by the Omnipotent.

But if he lik'd, and lov'd her eagerly,

Impatient to enjoy the heav'nly She,

As for her Part shew'd no great Cruelty.

And Adam quickly found, much for our Good

That she was made of the same Flesh and Blood

Both gaz'd, both were surpriz'd; and as they

(ey

With wishful Looks, what neither strowe to

(bide

Both equally o'recome, by different Charms,

Rush'd, without Curiship, to each others

(Arms

Dissolv'd at once, and shot thro' ev'ry Vein,

Felt all the Joys of Love, without the Pain.

On her it work'd with greater Influence,

Than all her Daughters e'er cou'd boast of since.

Sure, Friend, this happy Fair, who ever knew

Tb' Intrigues of Church or Play-house, must be

(true

Was ever Woman honest, it was she;

Perhaps you'll say, she was forc'd so to be:

There were no other Men, and b'ing alone,

'Twas Hopson's Choice, she must have him,

(or none

W are

We are all mistaken, and shall not perceive,
 If we mind well, such Innocence in Eve;
 For tho' her Spouse was of so noble Mien,
 Of Shape so graceful, and of Limbs so clean,
 With Vigour, Eloquence and Knowledge blest,
 And without doubt, not wanting of the rest,
 Unless a Man, fram'd by immortal skill,
 To stock the World, cou'd be thought furnish'd
 (ill;

Yet of the nuptial Vow she weary grew,
 And as she lov'd, still long'd for something
 (new:

And tho' at home she had a Lord so great,
 That even Angels env'y'd him his State;
 Yet, as a Husband she cou'd leave him there,
 In hopes to meet with other Joys elsewhere;
 And once got out of Sight, she prov'd so frail,
 That she wou'd listen to a Serpent's Tail;
 And rather enter with the D——l in Chat,
 Than be a Woman, and not be Coquet.

After the Parson had made this ram-
 pant Lady and Germain one Flesh, we
 can't say that their Embrace then were
 unlawful; but she did not enjoy this
 Husband above Two or Three Years
 before she died, in 1712, much unlamented
 by all that knew her Ladyship.

*Madam Farmer and Oliver
Cromwel.*

IT must be granted, that though the Women have, besides the use of their Reason, an innate Reservedness, and a kind of Horror, against losing their Virginity, more than the Females of any other Creature; yet there is hardly one in Fifty, unless they die in the Prime of their Age, but what complies before she is Forty. Before Forty do I say? Ay, before a young Woman gets into the Teens she's stark mad for a Husband; Wooing is the delight of their whole Sex, excepting here and there one, whose Constitution is colder than the uttermost extremity of the North Pole, perhaps may say it is ridiculous, and that the Pride of the Woman at that Time is as unaccountable, as the Humility of the Man: For then she is resolved to be very cross, and with abundance of Coyness sits in State, insults over the Man, and treats him with as much Scorn, as if he was not worthy to wipe her Shoes; and why does she

(1)

(say Marriage haters) do all this? For no other Reason, but because she designs to make him Master, and give him all she has in the World. The Man, on his side, takes all these Indignities in good Part, seems to be fond of being ill treated, and with the most profound Veneration to his Idol, begs on his Knees that a certain modest Petition may be granted him; the upshot of which is, that the Persons, to whom he pays his Devotion, would be so kind, as to oblige her self solemnly, before Witnesses, upon the Penalty of being Damn'd, to be his Slave as long as she lives, unless he should happen to die before her.

But now concerning Mrs. Farmer; her Father was a *Yorkshire* Man, but had been sent up to *London* very Young; after having serv'd his Time with a *Schoemaker*, and been a Journey-man some Years, he Married a Widow of the same Trade; how long they liv'd together I can't well tell; but by Saving and Industry they had prosper'd so well, that when she died, he left off his *Schoemaker's Shop* by Degrees, and turn'd *Leatherseller*: Two or Three Years af-

ter the Death of his Wife, by whom he had no Children, he Married a Second, the only Child of a *Tanner*, who, tho' he had bred her but meanly, had left her above one Thousand Pounds, when he died. This was the Mother of Mrs. *Farmer*, whose Father was a considerable Dealer: When their Daughter, of whom they were extraordinary fond, came to be Eight or Nine Years old, the Husband and Wife often quarrel'd about her Education; 'til at last the Father, seeing that neither of 'em could make a great Hand of it, carried her to a Boarding-School, and told the Mistress of it, that, though he look'd plain, he was a rich Man, and would value no Money, so he could but have his Daughter made as fine a Lady as any was in the Land. So Mrs. *Farmer* receiv'd all the Learning a good Boarding-School could help her to; and, whilst she was there, in a few Years, her Father thriv'd so well, that, before she was 16, he design'd her a Portion of 8000 *l.* if he liked the Man.

The Noise of such a Fortune to a genteel, handsome, young Woman, whose Father and Mother were yet both alive, and never had had, and consequently

quently were not like now to have any other Children, could not but draw abundance of Suitors. Mean while the old Man, having no other Notion of making his Daughter Happy, than by making her Rich, had pitcht upon a Son-in law, that had a vast Estate, but was very deform'd, and slighting the Aversion which he perceiv'd his Daughter had against him, granted Access to no Body but him. However, the young Woman holding a Love Intrigue with a Parliamentary Captain, whom she lov'd almost to Distraction, she absolutely slighted her Father's Choice; who discovering, by an intercepted Letter, his Daughter's Passion, he ran up where she was, in a great Rage, and beat her most unmercifully: When Night came he lock'd her up, and treated her with so much Rigour for several Months, that at last she fell Sick; and when no body expected she would live, the Father repenting of his Severity, only shew'd abundance of Sorrow; but the Mother, who had always been over fond, resolv'd to try a more effectual Remedy; and knowing the Captain to be the Cause, sends for him to her Daughter:

She observ'd, the Sight of him had reviv'd her, and unknown to her Husband procur'd him several Visits: Whether the Distemper was at the highest, or that the Captain's Presence wrought the Cure, she mended visibly after: But when both the Father and Mother thought her recover'd, she was lost at once: For one Morning, the Maid not finding her in her Chamber, went to look for her in that of her Mother's, but not being there neither, the House was soon in an uproar; search was made every where, but no Daughter heard of: Six Days after there came a Letter to the old Man and Woman, that acquainted them with their being Married at *Bristol*.

This News surprizing them both, the Father was so terribly angry, that without examining any farther, he wish'd a Thousand Curses might light on the Captain's Head, and made as horrid Imprecations against his Daughter: The Mother cry'd bitterly; and in bewailing of her Loss, she was so imprudent, that, among many Lamentations, more loud than coherent, she drop'd some Words, by which her Husband

band understood, that during his Daughter's Sicknes, the Captain had often seen her by the Mother's Consent: This provok'd him worse than the rest, and discharging all his Fury upon the poor Woman, he kick'd her about the House like a Foot-ball, and with all the *Bil-ling-gate* of old Bawds, and salt Bitches, damning his Wife, and sinking his Daughter, raved like a mad Man; 'til at last being wearied with this, he made a solemn Vow, and wish'd for Damnation, if ever he should own again, either the one, or the other. He was as good as his Word, for that same Night he turn'd his Wife out of Doors: And as for his Daughter, he would never so much as hearken to any Body that pretended to speak in her behalf. The Mother was taken in by a kind Relation, but she troubled him not long; for overwhelm'd with Grief, what with the running away of her Daughter, and what with the brutality of her Husband, she was immediately seiz'd with a Fever, and, without ever hearing any more of either, dead, and buried, in less than a Fort-night. Her Husband having made a Will, by which he wholly excluded his

Daughter, out-liv'd her not much above Two Years ; at the End of which he run distracted, and died quickly after, and left above Forty Thousand Pounds to a Stranger.

Now the Captain being depriv'd of his Hopes of possessing a great Portion, though his Wife was a charming young Creature, yet wanting Money more than her, he left off playing the good Husband, and began to be very surly ; every thing offended him at Home, and all her fond Love and Submissiveness could hardly keep him from being mischievous: In fine, he us'd her very scurvily, and whilst she lay in with a Girl, which died in the Month, he ran away from her, and was kill'd in the Fight between King *Charles II.* and the *Round-heads*, at *Worcester*. No sooner was she up again, but being left destitute both of Friends and Money, she was oblig'd to prostitute her Body for a Livelihood ; and was so common, that in less than Three Weeks, 'tis said she lay with more Men than wou'd make up a Troop of Horse: However the Fame of her Beauty reaching *Oliver Cromwel's* Ears, when he was Protector, he kept her for his Mistress, and oftner fled to her than his Wife

Wife for an Act of Consolation : But at last it being her Misfortune to Pox the Usurper, she was turn'd out of her Place, and then set up a Bawdy-House in *Milford-lane*, overagainst *St. Clement's Church* in the *Strand*, where she had very good Business, among the *Presbyterians*, *Anabaptists*, and those peaceable People call'd *Quakers*. Whilst she was a Bawd she kept one *Major Pepper's Son*, an *Irishman*, for her Stallion, whom she allow'd Ten Shillings *per Diem*, for Six Years, when getting into the powdering Tub againa fter consuming a great deal of Money on *Chirurgeons* and *Apothecaries*, to restore her to her Health, but all to no purpose, she was obliged to get into the Hospital at *Kingstand* for a Cure, where she died under a *Salivation*, in the Year 1680. aged 49 Years.

Mrs. Robinson and the Duke of Tyrconnel.

THIS Gentlewoman, *Mrs. Anne Robinson*, was the eldest Daughter of a wealthy Tradesman in the City of *Winchester*, in *Hampshire*. She was we
e du-

educated, and withal very beautiful ; but her Father having besides her Two Sons and Three other Daughters, her Portion was none of the considerablest, for being obliged to provide for the rest of his Children, he could not bestow on her above Five Hundred Pounds. Nevertheless, what she wanted in Money, making up in a pretty Face, fine Shape, and good Breeding, a Gentleman's Son, who was Heir to Nine Hundred Pounds a Year fell in Love with her ; but his Affections being against his Father's Will and Consent, the Amour betwixt them was carried on with all the Privacy imaginable ; however the secret Engagement which they had made to each other was discover'd to the young Man's Father in the following Letter.

Sir, If you prevent it not suddenly, your Son will soon be Married to Mr. Robinson's Daughter. This Morning, instead of going into Dorsetshire, as you imagine, he is gone to Guilford, whence he is to take his Mistress, with whom he intends to be at Gravelend to Morrow; in order to Embark for Holland ; where, after his Marriage, he designs to shelter himself from the first Transports of your Anger. His Sweetheart's Father is in the Plot, and furnishes him with

one Hundred Pounds upon his own Credit. If you make hast, you may soon stop his Servant, who, with a couple of Trunks, is now waiting for the Tide at Billingsgate. When the truth of what I write, shall be known, I shall discover to you who is your real, but now, unknown Friend.

This Letter being receiv'd by the old Gentleman, about Two Hours after his Son was gone out, whilst his Coach was getting ready, he sent to *Billingsgate*, and the Footman with the Trunks being secur'd, he went with all imaginable speed to *Guilford*, where at an Inn, kept by one whose Name was *Anne Clinch* when a Maid, but what it is since, changing her single State, I cannot call to Mind, finding his Son, he was, without taking leave of his Mistress, or any Body else, hurry'd into the Coach. Being come Home, his Father confin'd him to his Chamber, and put a Guard upon him. There happen'd at that Time to be an outward-bound *Turkey Fleet*, that lay waiting for the Wind at *Portsmouth*; which the old Gentleman being told of next Day, having consulted some Merchants, resolv'd to send his Son to *Smyna*, with a strict Charge to keep him there 'til farther Orders. He was so

cau-

cautious, as to see him on Board himself; and stirr'd not from *Portsmouth*, 'til they had weigh'd Anchor, and the whole Fleet was under Sail.

Several Days elaps'd, before she could get any Tidings of her Lover; but when she heard how his Father had dispos'd of him, and that against his Will he was sent to *Smyrna*, she Swoon'd away. In the mean Time another young Spark paid his Respects to her, but finding all his Addresses were in vain, for her Heart was solely fix'd on the other, therefore in Hopes of obtaining her Favour by a Stratagem, he went to his Rival's Father, who, to his great Grief, had been inform'd from *Turkey*, that his Son's Love still continu'd. This other Wooer, as taking part in his Concern, told him, that if *Mrs. Robinson* was of the same Constancy, they would have one another at last, if ever his Son liv'd to be his own Master; but that the only thing to prevent it, would be, if each of the Lovers could be induc'd to believe the other Dead. The Consequence of this Artifice was plain; the old Gentleman thank'd this young Man for his Advice, had Letters writ to *Turkey* that mention'd *Mrs. Robinson's* Death, and
spread

spread the same false Report of his Son himself, which really was believ'd by all that heard it, by reason to Colour the matter better, he and his whole Family went into Mourning.

Though Mrs. *Robinson* now had little or no Hopes of ever being her banish'd Suitor's Wife, yet the News of his Death, afflicted her very much, and was far from making that Alteration in her, which her present Sweetheart expected. Still her Beauty increasing she had a-bundance of Suitors, among whom were some Men of the first Rank, whose Love doubting not to be real, she never hearken'd to any of them, and of those that had more honourable Intentions, there was none she could like; yet her Humour being so little coquet, that she often wish'd her self but indifferently settled in the World, to avoid the Multitude of Gallants that was so troublesome to her, at length she was Married to this other Sweetheart who had projected the News of reporting her Dead to her Love beyond Sea.

He was the only Son of a Farmer worth 80 *l. per Annum* of his own, and was fond to Excess of his new Wife. In the mean Time when the false News of
Mrs.

Mrs. *Robinson's* Death had reach'd the young Gentleman's Ears in *Smyrna*, the first Emotions of his Grief were very Violent ; but those Transports of Affliction ceasing, and himself considering, that there was no recalling of the Dead, he grew calm at last, strove to divert his Sorrows as well as he could, and wanting for no Money, took all the Pleasures which that charming, as well as plentiful, Country affords. Being 21 he went to *Naples* by Sea, and from thence travelling through *Italy*, *France* and *Spain*, after having been out 4 Years, came back to his Native Country. He was much surpriz'd, when he heard, that Mrs. *Robinson* was Alive and Married ; but much more, when he understood, that the Report of his Death, as well as that of Mrs. *Robinson's*, had both been industriously spread by his own Father. He writ to his Mistress, that she might not be frighten'd, and went to see her the next Day. Being grown taller and more manly than when he went out of *England*, in spite of all her Virtue, Mrs. *Robinson* could not forbear being Charm'd with the Sight of him ; and he thinking her a Thousand Times more Beautiful than when he left her, was in a continual Rapture ;

sometimes extolling the Strength of Graces, that in his Absence had been added to her Features, with all the Signs of Admiration, he took her in his Arms, and almost stifled her with his Embraces ; then suddenly starting from her, he storm'd at his own Credulity, and violently lamenting the Cruelty of his Fate in bitter Execrations, exclaim'd against the treacherous Deceit that had been put upon them both. Sometimes assuming a softer Air, he would complain of having been too constant a Lover ; then fixing his Eyes on her's, with an unspeakable Tenderness, and sighing fervently, dissolve in Tears, that silently upbraided her with having forgot him to soon ; but when Mrs. Robinson, otherwise *Wilmot* by Marriage, mov'd by the significancy of his dumb Language, as well as the Injustice of the Charge, had told him, with a candid Look, how tiresome and vexatious all Courtship, even of the most Noble and most Accomplish'd, had been to her, ever since he had been gone, and made him sensible, that she had taken her Refuge to Matrimony, for no other Reason, but because it was the only means that could shelter her from the continual Plague of Love-Addresses :

Oh !

Oh! How his Soul was ravish'd ; and she being in as great a Transport, an Union of their Extasies brought 'em into a present Act of Adultery ; after which bringing her up to *London*, he kept her there in private Lodgings for 2 Years ; when her Husband, who all this while was almost distracted for the Loss of his Wife ; finding her out, he was for taking her Home again by Force, which creating a Quarrel betwixt the Adulterer and the Cuckold, wherein the latter was mortally Stabb'd with a Sword by the former, he was, though great Intercession was made for his Life, Hang'd at *Tyburn*.

Now *Mrs. Robinson* having thus lost her Husband and a Gallant, the Duke of *Tyrconnel* (a little after *Madam Grey* was sent to *France*, on whom he begot the pretended Prince of *Wales*,) meeting her at the Play-house, her exquisite Beauty made such an absolute Conquest over his Heart, that he allow'd her Four Hundred Pounds *per Annum* to be his Mistress. But this Revenue for Iniquity did not hold above a Year and half, for that *Irish* Peer being forc'd to fly for Religion, when the late King *William* came hither, she lost her Pension, and then became a common Strumpet. The chief House

where

where she ply'd, was at one Mrs. Chancey, a Bawd who kept a noted Brothel in Bennet's-court, over against the Fountain Tavern in the Strand: And tho' she had more old Citizensto her flaunging Cullies, than any Jilt in her Time, for she was reckon'd very famous for laying the *Insurrectio carnis* with a bundle of Rods, yet her own Lechery she always assuag'd by the common way of Coition; 'til being as rotten as a Pear, by her carnal coupling with all Mankind that desired her Conversation, which was not to be obtain'd for less than a Guinea, for she always kept up the Price of her Commodity, she departed her miserable Life in 1696, aged 29 Years.

Betty Sands and the C--- of Muscovy.

Elizabeth, more commonly call'd Betty Sands, was Born but of mean Parents, yet being a very pretty charming Creature, and withal extraordinary Witty, these Temptations incited the Duke of S — to have the first pulling of her Virgin

Virgin Blossoms, and had always kept her like a Gentlewoman, if she could have check'd that burning Lust which would not permit her to confine her self to 1, 2, 3, or half a dozen Men. A little after she was first debauch'd, she became as common as an Inns of Court-Privy, loving all Mankind, but was true to none, as appears by one Mr. *Richard Knight*, formerly an Attorney of *Clement's-Inn*, who being one Day in her Company, there happen'd to be mention made of *Hampton-Court*, she pretending to be very desirous of seeing that famous Palace, to which she had hitherto been a Stranger, he could do no less than make an offer of his Service to wait on her, which she accepted, and thereupon appointed a Day: On the Morning of which, he (being as punctual in the Affairs of Love, as a Merchant in the Payment of Money,) waited on her at her Lodgings, where he did as much Penance in waiting 'til she was dress'd, as a City Dunner does to speak with a Nobleman. When she had thus finish'd her Morning's Work, being lac'd up in her Stays as tight as a *Leicestershire* Wool-pack, he handed her down Stairs into a Coach, and there made Love in a Tub 'til they came to the Water-side, where

where a ravenous Assembly of amphibious Scoundrels, some with their Mouths full of Bread and Cheese and Onions, were ready to pluck them out of the Windows of their Leathern Sanctuary, before the Driver could have recourse to the Door, to deliver them fairly into the Hands of the wrangling Fraternity. At length he pitch'd upon a couple of Red-capp'd Tritons, who handed 'em into their Wherry, and became of a sudden as Complaisant and Civil as if they had been bred at an Academy ; for 'tis certain that the Watermen Quarrel about who shall carry the Fare, as much as Lawyers do at *Westminster* about who shall carry the Cause. When he had seated his Mistress on his right Hand, the brawny Slaves sat down to their Stretches, and puffing and blowing at every pull like a Phthisicky Man in a Sweat, they row'd 'em onward of their Way, their Ears being now and then saluted with a Broad-side of scurrilous Words and bawdy Phrases, that put the Lady's pretended Modesty to the Blush, and her Spark to such a confounded puzzle to defend himself and her, that he was forc'd to exert his Parts to the utmost, and pelt their Adversaries with the *Billingsgate* Dialect

lest of Rogue, Taylor, Whore, Sempstress, Cuckold, Mechanick, Mantuamaker, Jilt, Clear-Starcher, Exchange-Woman, and all the ill Language he could muster up, lest his Mistress should think him a Blockhead. The Time he propos'd to spend in exhibiting his Love to his fair Companion, and preparing her Heart for his Design, with such mollifying Endearments and prevailing Dalliances, as were necessary to warm the Inclinations of a female Lover, he was forc'd to employ in studying what to say to the next Boat he met with, for the first Word like the first Blow, was half the Battle. In this manner they smoothly slid along the slippery Surface of the *Thames*, listning at spare Times to the whispering Flags and Osiers that adorn'd the pleasant Banks, and gently bow'd their limber Heads, in becoming Gratitude to the delightful Breeze, that fann'd their verdant Blades into so musical a Motion. The Weather prov'd so temperate and extreemly favourable, and the radiant Sun shining forth with such an auspicious Lustre, that a finer Day ne'er bless'd a Lord Mayor's Show.

At length they arriv'd at *Mortlock*, and took a little Refreshment at the old Cuckold-making Tenement the *Garter*; and to enliven their Legs, which were almost benumb'd for want of Action, they walk'd to *Richmond*, where they order'd the Boat to meet 'em, by which means they avoided a tedious tiring Circumference by Water. They walk'd cross the Fields link'd Arm in Arm, as loving as any Man and Wife, and entertain'd one another Ears with unstudied Prattles, and such amorous Fustian as Love popp'd into their Mouths, came simply out again without any Amendment; so that had a couple of

Button's or Will's Criticks been walking behind 'em, they might have had more Diversi-
on, than by hearing a Dialogue in the Pit, be-
tween a Beau and a Mask, or the most elegant
Piece of Courtship in the new *Academy of Com-
plements*. When they came to the foremention'd
Town of *Richmond*, they resum'd their Places
in the Boat, and after an Hour's hard tugging
against the Stream, they arriv'd at the famous
Port to which they had design'd. Here the Gen-
leman having discharg'd his laborious Drudg-
es, and finding not above 18 *d.* in Silver left in
his Pocket, he put his Hand into his Fob, to
examine what Gold he had there; but to his
extream Mortification he found it as empty as
Skul on an *Apothecary's* Stall, and presently he
collected, that he had the last Night taken
out Seven Guineas, and laid them in his Study
Window, and thinking they had still been
about him, he came out and forgot 'em. This
dishonourable Misfortune made his Heart broil
with Vexation, like a Mutton Chop upon a
Gridiron. He knew not what to do, nor how
to come off handsomly; but at last concluded
the best way was to make *Betty* acquainted
with his disappointing Circumstances; and af-
ter as many Hums and Haws as a bashful Evi-
dence makes when he's speaking to a Court of
Judicature, he at last open'd his sorrowful
Case; but as awkwardly as a Midwife talks Scri-
pture, or a Priest Bawdy. He found by her
Countenance, that she was as much surpriz'd,
as he was daunted; and after a little Pause, I
say, Sir, says she, *since you have brought me thus
out of London, you will contrive some way to
carry me safe Home; for indeed I did not take
care (as I find you ought to have done,) to bring*
Money

Money out with me, as believing I could have no Occasion for Expence in the Company of a Gentleman, who has given me in Words such Assurances of his Friendship. To this he made a suitable Answer; begging she would remove all severe Censures and Reflections, though justly due to such inexcusable Forgetfulness; and that she would be pleas'd to tarry but a little Time in a Tavern, 'til he step'd to a Friend at a small distance from Hampton Town, from whom he was assur'd of a supply: She seeming pretty well satisfied with what he propos'd, they accordingly went to an adjacent House, where he left her over a Pint of Canary and a Roll. He had now to go as far as *Waltham upon Thames*, which is at least 2 Miles long, where a Friend of his from London had resided about 6 Weeks for his Health; but adding mercurial Wings to his Feet, he out-ambled a Chairman, and now and then put himself into a Dog-trot, which made him Sweat worse than a Penny-Post Man at *Midsummer*, and all to no purpose; for his Friend was gone to London the Day before.

This Disappointment upon the Neck of the other was an insupportable Grievance, and made him scratch his Ears like a bilk'd Hackney Coachman. But in returning he consider'd the matter, and found he had no other way left than to be a good Husband, and leave his Sword, which was Silver Hilted, for the Reckoning. So fixing upon this Resolution, he came back more like a running Footman than a Gentleman; and coming into the Tavern, he receiv'd the startling News, that his Lady was gone to London with a certain Lord. These strange Tidings amaz'd him more than the Sight of a Blazing Star. Pray Sir, said he, un-

Look
Than a
Were f
Perjur

riddle this strange Mystery to me ; how, which way, after what manner this Business came about ? Why, Sir, answer'd the other, I shew'd you and the Lady into the best Room in my House, which the Lord she's gone with always drinks in, when he comes hithey ; I told his Lordship who had another Person with him, that it was now taken up : He ask'd, by whom ? I told him by a single Lady ; upon which they smil'd, and both went into the Room to her ; and after they had drank but one Flask of Wine, they left a Crown for that and the Ladies Pint of Canary, and handed her into a Coach, to which she shew'd no Signs of Unwillingness, but rather seem'd by her Looks to be very well satisfied : And this, Sir, is all that I know of the Matter ; only that they order'd the Coach for London. This intolerable Usage made the Gentleman rave, fret, and vex like a Horn-mad Cuckold ; to be thus jilted, fatigu'd, disappointed and teaz'd ; he thought 'twas enough to over-power the Philosophy of Zeno or Epictetus. In this vexatious Condition he went down to the Water-side, where by chance he got a Six-penny Passage the same Night, and was heartily glad to squeeze in amongst Trunks, Boxes, Baskets and blue Aprons ; and about 11 a Clock at Night he arriv'd safe at London, where he resolv'd to remain as inveterate an Enemy to the Female Sex, as he that had lost his Nose by encountering with the Petticoat ; and would often reflect upon these Lines of the Poet.

Look not on an ill Woman ! For she's worse
Than all Ingredients cramm'd into a Curse :
Were she but Peevish, Proud, an arrant Whore,
Perjur'd and painted, if she was no more,

*I cou'd forgive her and connive at this,
 Alledging still she but a Woman is :
 But she is worse, and may in time forestal
 The Devil ; and be the damning of us all.*

She had been the Ruine of a great many Men, particularly *Richard Tatnal*, who rid in the Duke of Ormond's Troop, *Claudius Wilt a Limner*, *Philip H---k a Civilian*, *John Curson a Scrivener*, *Thomas Fox a Grocer*, cum multis aliis, some of whom are since Dead, and others retriev'd their broken Fortunes again. At last she Sold Oranges in the Play-House in Drury-lane, from which Occupation she was call'd *Orange Betty*, and the C--- of *Muscovy* coming out of *Holland* with the late K. *William* into *England*, being a very brutal Man in all manner of Lascivioulness, he maintain'd *Betty Sands* for his Mistress, purely upon the Account of her Impudence, because she would gratify his C----- Majesty with shewing him more odious Postures, than were invented by that most debauch'd Nobleman of *Venice* Nam'd *Peter Arctine*, which immodest Cuts, wherever they are found, ought to be committed to the Flames, and the Persons punish'd with a heavy Fine, who are so filthy as to preserve any of these nauseous Pieces by them. Whilst the C--- stay'd in this Country she made a good Penny of him ; but after he was gone, being reduc'd to extream Poverty again, the common Prostitution of her Body to all comers and goers, reducing it to such a bad State of Health, that she was grown a meer Skeleton, and walk'd along the Streets as if her Joynts were ty'd together with Pack-thread, she was forced to get into the Hospital in *Kingland*, where she ended her infamous Days in 1699. aged Thirty Two Years.

Madam

Madam De-Coster and Father Peters.

THIS Gentlewoman, *Madam De-Coster*, was born of *French* Parents at *Southampton* in *Hampshire*, from whence she was sent at Twelve Years of Age to a Nunnery at *Abbeville* in *France*; She was a most Charming Creature, and here she had not been above Four Years, before her incomparable Beauty captivated *Father Peters*, a *Jesuit*, by which we may see that the Clergy are Flesh and Blood as well as other Mortals; and in this Adventure it is not to be determin'd, whether his Love was more exoticick, or the Form of accosting it; for tho' it be natural for Jealousie to study Fornication, and every Cuckold within his own Precincts to be an Engineer, yet it is seldom known for a Mistress to be fenc'd with a Portcullice, or an amorous Visit manag'd with the Caution which suspicious Kings use in an Interview. However, the greatest Secrecy was necessary in this Affair,

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for had their Courtship been discover'd, it had been deem'd a capital Crime in both the Priest and the Nun ; and indeed their Manner of Greeting might not unfitly be term'd *Cupid's Barriers*, breathing Exercise rather than a Combat, where the dallying Champions had a Rail to part 'em, that they might not fight it out to the uttermost. In his Canonical Habit he durst not attempt to free the young Lady from her enchanted Durance, which would have been as joyful to the fair Recluse as him; and without doubt, whilst his impatience was sever'd from his Hopes by many strong envious Bars, he felt himself like another *St. Lawrence* broil'd on a Gridiron. But hereby we may see how Customs vary in foreign Climes, as there are some Regions who salute one another by putting off their Shoes instead of their Hats, so where this Amour first began, there is a different Form of Imprisonment ; for the Prisoner is at large and without the Grate wishing for admittance, and she, at whose Suit his Soul is Arrested, close clapt up, and depriv'd of Liberty.

Father

Father Peters being now disguis'd in a Lay-man's Habit, he could not then be permitted within side of the Grate, where surely those Chrifom-Lovers, call'd *Platonicks*, had their first Training; those greasie Courtiers that diet themselves with the very Notion of mingling Souls, without putting their Bodies to any farther Trouble than kissing of Hands, and twisting of Eye-beams: But this Reverend Gentleman ('tis well known) had none of those puling Stomachs; for he had an Appetite for a whole Cloyster: Therefore if the Lady Abbess had not took care of checking such carnal Temptations, he would have transform'd the Convent, and turn'd the Nunnery into a *Seraglio*, without any regard to the solemn Vow of his Society, which obliges them to Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. That solitary Place struck no awe in his exorbitant Lust; and as Princes seldom treat of Matches but in foreign Dominions, so it was his Ambition to let his Affection take greater State in fixing it on one of another World.

Indeed his Passions was not centred on the Beauty of her Soul ; therefore that which fired his Spirits, was the Pride of the Enterprize, which entertain'd the aspiring Frenzy of making Love to a glorified Body. Many Beads did he drop in Wooing ; and his Liturgy differ'd from all others, by which he fram'd his Courtship. A sensual Man is able to vitiate the Vestal Flame by his Martyrdom ; and other Lovers, in the height of their Trope, use to canonize their Mistresses, as being of Opinion that the native Rubrick of their Cheeks hath hallow'd them ; but he ran counter to that Consecration, in degrading a Saint with moral Addresses. Since he had no Room in his Calendar for Persons upon Earth, it was his Delight to prophane a Probationer of Heaven, with a Resolution of not retrieving himself back from this carnal Sacrilege ; like *Herostratus*, he was for obtaining Fame by setting Fire on the Temple, and endeavoured to dispute a Shape of Guilt with *Lucifer*, in causing a second Fall of Angels : However, the Nun being as forward as he for carnal Copu-

Copulation, the Intrigue held not above Three Months, before she found the favourable opportunity of making her Escape out of a Window, by a Rope which was one Night convey'd to her, and fled with all speed with Father *Peters* into *England*, where that devout Leacher kept her in private Lodgings in *Great-Wildstreet* all the Reign of King *James* the Second, and had Two Children by her, which both died, and were buried in the Church-yard of *St. Giles's in the Fields*. But after the aforesaid unfortunate Prince abdicated the Throne, this imperious Priest being forced to fly into *France* again, he left his Mistress behind him, worth above One Thousand Pounds, which soon got her a Husband; but her Inclination to Whoredom, long before she died, prompting her Heart to make her Spouse herd with *Acteon*, he often curst his Fate for marrying one whom by her outward Mien and Carriage he thought to have been as chaste *Diana*; which makes good the following Verses:

*It is in vain to think to guess
 At Woman by appearances ;
 Who dawb their Temper o'er with
 (Washes,*

*As Artificial as their Faces :
 Which makes Men always stand in
 (doubt*

*Both of their insides and their out.
 With pleasing looks they'll on you Smile,
 Yet harbour Mischief all the while :
 Then if you'd of these Rocks get clear,
 Hoist up your Sails and come not near :
 For tho' like Syrens sweet they Sing,
 Yet will they like a Serpent Sting.*

Mrs.

*Mrs. Needham, and W—
P—n Quaker.*

THIS *Bona Roba*, whose Maiden Name I know not, but am inform'd she was born of very Honest Parents in *Northampton*, being Twelve Years of Age, she was entertained by an antient Lady, who was a Widow, in *Rutlandshire*, where one Mr. Cole an Attorney fell desperately in Love with her Beauty, which was no less pleasing to this young Wench, who seem'd to comply with his amorous Addresses. But the Lady's Son returning from the University of *Cambridge* to visit his Mother, his Presence much obstructed the Proceedings of her first Lover, for at first Sight he was also deeply in Love with this Maid, whose Charms were not to be resisted; and quickly let her knew the Power of her Eyes, and the absolute Conquest she had made over his admiring Heart. This proud Beauty gloried in her new Victory, and was not a little glad to see her young Master at her Feet, fet-
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ter'd

ter'd with her Charming Graces, whom she prefer'd before his Rival *Cole*, and at last yielded to his Embraces. Now the Lady having some suspicion of the *Attorney's* Passion, and fearing he should Debauch her Maid, she kept a strickt Eye over him whenever he came to her House, little imagining that her Son had robb'd that Garden, and crop'd the Flower she had watch'd with so much Care and Vigilance. Still Mr. *Cole* pursuing his Love, he presented her a Purse of Gold, which she accepted, seems to believe all his Oaths and Promises, and at the last, overcome with his Flatteries, to grant his Desires. There was nothing in the World so joyful as he really was at her Consent; the content of his Mind might be easily read in his Eyes, he Kist her a Thousand Times, and gave her as many Thanks for what he is not like to obtain; for when he came to the Back-door at Night, in hopes of being privately admitted to her Embraces, she look'd out of the Window, and heartily laugh'd at the *Inamorato* for his Folly.

Sometime

Sometime after this, *Felliver* found her self to be with Child, and endeavour'd to prevent her Shame and Disgrace by taking such Medicines as might cause Abortion, but in vain; her great Belly now discover'd it self, and was known to her Lady, who too late found what a Viper she had entertain'd in her Family, in drawing away the Heart of her Son, and enticing him to Lewdness. But lest these Two foolish Wantons should marry together, and so utterly Ruine the young Gentleman's Fortune, she resolv'd to separate them, and accordingly sent him back to *Cambridge*, and her into *Kent* to lay her great Belly, where, not long after, she was brought to Bed of a Girl; and thus became a Mother before she was a Wife, and had a Child before she had a Husband. Being recover'd of her Lying-in, the Child, by order of the Lady, was taken from her and put to Nurse in that County, and she turn'd out of Doors to seek her Fortune, with a small sum of Money, scarce enough to defray her Charges to *London*, whither she extreemly long'd to go, hoping to

get into some Service, or by making an Advantage of her Beauty, to inveigle some Tradesman to marry her. With this intent she went to London, where she no sooner arriv'd but she found all her Money spent, and her self in a most miserable and forlorn Condition. By good luck she got a Lodging in Wapping, which happen'd to be at a most infamous and notorious Bawdy-house, where she behaved her self with so much Simplicity, and seeming Innocency, and told so fair a Story of her Misfortunes, without one Word of Truth, that the Bawd, her Landlady, believed her, and under pretence of Commiseration to her present want, but more in Hopes of making a good Market of her, kindly and comfortably reliev'd her. In a short Time her Beauty was fam'd, of which she knew how to make the best Advantage, and so well improv'd her Talent in those wicked Courses, that she had now considerably enrich'd herself by prostituting her long lost Maiden-head to Seven or Eight wealthy Masters of Ships, who all swore, and really believ'd they had it, for which they roundly

roundly paid. Having thus advanc'd her Fortune, and being unwilling to expose her self longer in a Place so infamous, she privately withdrew, and took a Lodging between the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand* and *Charing-Cross*, where she went by the Name of *Charlton*, and pass'd for a Virtuous young Gentlewoman, whose Brother was a Merchant, and suddenly expected from the *East-Indies*. Not long after it happen'd that one *Mr. Needham*, a Gentleman of a good Fortune, had some short Repartees with her under her Vizard at the Playhouse, who was so taken with her Wit, that he would not leave her till he had seen her Face, which appearing to him, beyond expectation, very Handsome, he grew passionately in Love with her, and carried her Home to her Lodging in his own Coach. She had cunning enough not to be surpriz'd with his first offers of Kindness, nor alter'd with those rich and noble Presents he made her, which he wondring at, believ'd her counterfeit Virtue was real, propos'd a considerable Settlement, a stately House, gilded Coach, and rich Liv-
ries,

ries, if she would consent to live with him, and be his Mistress; which she at last agreed to, rather out of Passion and Respect to his Person, than that such generous offers had any Power over her chaste and innocent Mind. She now goes abroad in her Chariot, sits in the Boxes at Plays, with all the Bravery and Impudence of a Kept-Lady, or more notorious Strumpet. Being one Day at the Play-house in *Dorset-Garden*, she was seen by her former Suitor Mr. Cole, whom some Business had brought to Town; he presently knew her, and much wonder'd to see that Beauty, which ever appear'd to him with more than an ordinary Lustre, now so resplendent with Jewels and all the dazzling Embellishments Art could invent. He could not but confess, for all the Trick which she had before put on him, that she who before appear'd a twinckling Star of Beauty, was now become an illuminated Sun, bright and glorious. The Attorney made his Complement to her, which she received with more favourable expressions of Respect to him, and in a short Time they became so intimate

mate, that he often visited her, where he was blest with those ravishing Delights he had so long coveted in vain. This Amour was at last suspected by Mr. *Needham*, whose Name she assum'd at her Dying Day, who surpriz'd Mr. *Cole* at the bottom of the Stairs one Night as he had newly parted from her, and with his Sword ran him through the Heart, of which Wound he immediately Died; then sending for a Friend, and acquainting him of his present Misfortune, dispos'd the Care of his House and Goods into his Hands, disrobed his false Mistress of all her Finery, turn'd her out of Doors, and next made his Escape, but in his passage from *Harwich* to the *Brill* was unhappily drown-
ed.

Mrs. *Needham* having sav'd a little Money, put herself in a plain Country Dress, remov'd to a remote Place in Town, where she took a convenient Chamber, and profess'd herself a Saint, going to all the private Meetings she could hear of; here she Sigh'd, lifted up her Eyes, made Faces, was diligent at Lectures and Expoundings,

so that in a little time she began to be taken notice of, and attracted the Eyes of many a young Zealot and amorous Puritan. She chang'd her Name to *Hannah*, and at length her Piety and Devotion was taken notice of, as well as her Modesty and Beauty, by one *Titus Sprag* a young Brother, a Linnen-Draper in *Cheapside*, who was resolv'd not to Marry out of his own Tribe, and only wanted a Wife to make him happy. She observ'd his Eyes to be often fixt upon her, and though he took Notes, and wrote in Characters none else could, he look'd as if he had been Drawing her Picture, he was so intent upon her; his Courtship was Sentences of Love and Cant intermix'd, and *Cupid*, *Knōx* and *Calvin* were join'd together; his Amorous Discourse was larded with Fragments of Sermons, and Doctrines and Uses shuffled together, with Notes taken out of the *Academy of Compliments*. There was such a Medley of Love and Religion, of Wooing and Praying, of Pious Nonsense and Smutty Courtship, that *Hannah* could not but laugh in her Sleeve, how grave and

and demure to ever she look'd. *Titus* at last won the Good Will of his dear *Hannah*, and what she much desir'd, they were privately Married, and she once again Mistress of a House. *Hannah* had not been long Married before she began to Patch and Deck herself with Ribbons, and *Titus*, to his great Grief, saw his Shop crowded with Gallants instead of Chapmen, who came to cheapen his Wife, rather than buy his Linnen; he first reprov'd her Immodesty himself, and then desired the Pastor to reprehend the Lewd Carriage of his Wife, but to no purpose; so that seeing himself undone, he resolv'd to shut up Shop, and leave her to her Fortune. *Hannah* as yet had escap'd the Pox, that ruin and confusion of so many *Venus* her Votaries; but as many have escap'd being wounded in a Battle, who have been kill'd in a Skirmish, so far'd it with *Hannah*; for *Titus* plainly perceiving his Horns grew as fast as his Estate wasted, was resolv'd first to be Reveng'd, and then leave her to herself. To this end, he designedly got a severe Clap, which he communicated to *Hannah*, and then deserted

deserted her, carrying away all his Goods along with him to France. *Hannah* lay long Sick, and was twice flux'd for her foul Distemper, but wanting Money to carry on her Cure, was forced to consider of a new Method, to relieve her present Wants, before it was compleated.

Hannah was now again left to her shifts, her expensive Clap, with the Apothecaries, Surgeons, and Doctors Bills, had robb'd her of all that little she possess'd; whereupon she resolv'd to change her counterfeit Profession of Religion, from that of a Puritan to a Quaker, and accordingly took a private Lodging at a Quaker's House in Long-Acre, who had known her Husband, and believed him to be as she represented him, a sly and debauched Fellow, pitied her very much, and by her Discourse, judg'd her to be very Innocent, and a zealous Professor. To this Quaker's House resorted several of that Sect, and amongst the rest W—— P——, the noted itinerant Holderforth, who no sooner saw *Hannah*, who was pretty well recover'd of her Clap, her Colour coming fresh into her

her Cheeks, and her old wanton flame into her Eyes, but the Carnal and Spiritual Man in him began to have a desperate Conflict. We are all Flesh and Blood, and the little God *Cupid* is no Respector of Sects; he spares no Mortal that is compos'd of those Atoms. W —, with the wonted Boldness that attends that sort of People, made an Acquaintance with *Hannah*, who entertain'd him with a suitable Freedom; and whilst he endeavour'd to delude her, with his Holy Discourses of the *Light within*, and his Holy Inspiration, she cheated him as much with her Modest Looks; *Hannah* hearken'd to all his Canting very diligently, and in a short time began to reform her Dress, rip'd off all her Laces, threw away her Ribbons, put on plain Coifs and Pinnars, and laid aside all her *Babylonish* Trinkets. W — overjoy'd at this Conversion, carried *Hannah* to their Meetings, where she endur'd their Bawling without Laughter, and heard them Rant and Cant, and Rail and speak Nonsense, with much Devotion and counterfeit Zeal: Few Days miss'd that

that she was not at their Conventicles, and *Hannah* was become a very profess'd, rigid, and unmannerly *Quaker*. *W*—— was now more in Love than ever, and having converted her from the World, he intended next to convert her to himself. *Hannah* was pretty in all Dresses, and no Disguise could hinder the Power of her Beauty; but to *W*—— she seem'd much more Handsome, since she was in the Habit of a Sister, and it was now Lawful for him to say that to her, which he ought not to the Prophane and Wicked of the World. He therefore inform'd her of the Secrets of his Heart, and by what Spirit he was mov'd; and endeavour'd to perswade her, that all Things are Lawful to the Pure, that the World ought not to judge the Actions of the Righteous; that Defilement was from within, and the Impurity of the Mind only could contaminate the Body; that as for her Husband, he was a Carnal Man, and it was no Sin to rob an *Egyptian*; that if he was at this time under a Temptation, she ought to give way to his Frailty, for she had drawn his Heart after her.

Han-

Hannah soon perceiv'd by the Light within, that it was either the Spirit of Love or Lust that began to move the Carnal Man; however, she answer'd him so cunningly and obligingly, in his own Canting Stile, still harping on her present Necessities, that he found the real way to gain her, was to supply her Wants, which he plentifully did out of their publick Stock. With this Gold he open'd the Heart of *Hannah*, and W — and she had Thee'd it and Thou'd it so long, till they came to the closest Conjunction, and mingled their Spiritual Embraces after a Carnal Manner. W — obtain'd his end with Advantage, for the Clap now breaking out, she severely Pox'd him, and not daring to stay longer, for fear of being discover'd, pillag'd the Holy Brother of all the charitable *Corban* he was entrusted with, and stole away into the Country, where being patch'd up by a perambulatory Quack or Mountebank, she return'd to *London* again, and taking a Lodging at one Mr. *Tauney* a Blacksmith in *Burleigh-street*, at the West end of *Exeter-Change* in the Strand, she

turn'd

turn'd Mantua-maker, by which, and keeping Company with one *Cleveland* a Book-binder in *Leicester-Fields* till he was ruin'd, she sav'd a great deal of Money, and rather than stand Idle she would, when young enough to take it herself, play the Bawd for any of her Acquaintance whether Gentle or Simple; thus by her Industry, getting a very good Livelihood, at last she set up a Tavern, where the *Blue Posts* is now kept at the Corner of *Portugal-Street*, opposite to *Lincolns-Inn* Back-gate; but living a little too fast, and trusting her Riotous Companions very large Scores, her Stock of Wine in less than a Year and half was so exhausted, that she was forc'd to run away by Night into the *Mint*, where consuming what she carried thither, in a little time, she died in 1697. Aged Fifty Years.

Dame

*Dame B—, Mistrefs to D—
B— a Presbyterian Parson.*

Among all the Females which flock'd to hear D— B— Spew Nonsense in his pratling Box, none found more Favour in his Sight, than Dame B— a Bayliff's Religious Wife, living within the Sound of Bow Bell. As to her Birth, Parentage, and Education, we can't say much; but thus much we know of her Conversation, it was very free and engaging when she was in Company with her Spiritual Pastor, with whom she Edified more in private, than she did by going to his Salvation School, to hear him chatter about his leaving all he had to teach a graceless sort of People the difference betwixt Good and Evil, and of taking hold on his Cloak in a time of Need. These two innocent Lambs never met together, but they refresh'd themselves with good Fowls and Wine, and for the Pains he took in saying long Graces, adorn'd with frequent Hums, he always

ways had her Purse at Command as much as her Person, which was well enough to Merit the Honour of being his Mistress. Indeed, they that had no respect for this Reverend Teacher, who would break a Commandment with any Whore, but the Whore of *Babylon*, may speak as diminutively as they please of him; but to our certain knowledge he had so little Pride in him, that he wou'd Eat, Drink, and Lye with any Body.

Now when Mr. *Shoulder-labber* found out that this Grave Gentleman plow'd with his Heifer, he brought an Action against him, and trying the Cause at *Guild-hall* in *London*, he recover'd Fifty Pounds Damage, which put his Congregation into a great Consternation; and they were no less troubled to behold their Shepherd go by Weeping-Cross, for shearing his own Sheep, than Mr. *Bum* was for the Folly of his Help-meet, who was much such another Helper indeed, of whom the Ingenious Poet thus speaks.

————— *For in Conclusion,*
She help'd poor Adam to his own Confusion.
 Truly

Truly we must needs say, that this Bayliff had hard Measure to have a Wife so liberal to her Gallant; however, it is no wonder, because a Woman's Mind is uncertain, and hath as many new Devices as a Tree hath Leaves; she is always desirous of change, and seldom loves him heartily with whom she hath been long Conversant: Their Nature is pretty well describ'd in these Verses.

*Let a Man fall into what Woes he will,
'Tis Woman that compleats his Ruin still.*

With Wolves, Bears, Lions, who wou'd

(chose to dwell?

And yet a Woman is more fierce than Hell.

And tho' she looks with a most charming

(Feature,

There is not in the World so vile a Crea-

(ture.

However, this Honest Man, whose Spite is chiefly at Peoples Shoulders, having the good luck to Bury his Wife, he dreaded the Parson's Noose for the future, as deeming a Woman under that Denomination to be a progressive Evil, still going forward in Mischief,
from

from bad to worse, and from worse to worst of all; and therefore one says, *When you would give all worldly Plagues a Name, worse than they have already, call 'em Wife; but a new Married Wife is a Teeming Mischief, full of herself; O! what a deal of Horror has that poor Wretch to come, that Wedded Yesterday.* And another tells us this Truth:

—— We hope to find,
That Help which Nature meant in Wo-
(menkind,
To Man the supplimental self design'd;
But proves a burning Caustick when ap-
(ply'd,
And Adam sure cou'd with more Ease
(abide
His Rib when broken, than when made
a Bride.

They that never knew the Hardships of War, nor came within Gun-shot more than in Contemplation, think it an excellent thing to be a Soldier, when they read of the Conquests of *Alexander*, the Trophies of *Achilles*, and the Triumphs of *Cæsar*; so also whilst Men spend their time in
Kissing,

Kissing, Toying, and Dallying, they think themselves in *Paradise*, and have strange *Chimera's* of the Felicities of a wedded Life, and become in Love with their Fetters, and are mad till they have lost their Freedom, that is, till they are undone: For as some will have it, *Matrimony*, is matter of Money; *Marrying*, Marring; and *Wedlock*, Fetlock; which they say is the true Etymology of them three Words. And if you would have old *Chaucer's* Opinion of Marriage, he tells you,

*Marriage is like a revel Rout ;
He that is out wou'd fain get in ;
And he that's in wou'd fain get out.*

I would not have you think that I solely condemn the state of Matrimony, no; a Man's Condition cannot be more happy than when he is blest with a virtuous Wife; I only rally those Wives, who before they got Husbands seem Calm, Pacifick, and Chast; but after they are Married, Cuckold their Spouses, and grow more turbulent than the *Atlantick* Ocean, or *Irish* Sea; so that then they shall find *Wedlock* a

218 *Dame B—, Mistress to, &c.*

Bondage, and a Yoke loaded with many Miseries, Fears, and Vexations, which made the Devil, when he had the Power to rob *Job* of all, leave him his Wife only to torment him.

Madam

219

*Madam Dorothy Crew, and
Doctor Oats.*

MAdam Dorothy Crew was a Par-
son's Daughter, and on the
Mother's Side was descended of a very
good Family near *Nantwich* in *Cheshire*.
As for her Person she was Tall and
Slender, had a clear Skin, pretty Face,
and tho' she had a Cast in her Eyes,
yet it rather added to, than diminish'd
her Beauty. She was Well-bred, very
Witty, and of an affable Temper,
which made her fond of Man betimes;
but her Love was first bestow'd on one
Mr. *Andrew Cade*, a Quarter-master in
the late Earl of *Oxford's* Regiment,
whose military Employment, and va-
riety of new Faces Abroad, making
him negligent of her Esteem for him,
she made him sensible thereof by the
following Letter, which she sent to
him at his Quarters in *Lincoln*.

Sweet Sir,

I Cannot but tax you of too much harshness and dissonancy, for flying her who so entirely Affects you : Must Daphne follow Phoebus ? Fie Sir ! Can you be so uneasie, can you Freeze in so hot a Summer's Day ? Certainly it is your Mistake that occasions this Scorn : I have Youth, and some Beauty, else my Glasse is treacherous, and all that censure me are meer Calumniators. I do confess I am too Pliant, too much Woman, yet I can Frown, and nip the Passions of others even in the Bud. I can tell others, That they Court our Sex only to please their present Heat, and then it is their Pleasure to leave us ; I can hold off, and by the chymical Power of my Countenance draw whole Reams of Sonnets and Madrigals from the Brains of a weeping Lover ; yet to you, dear Sir, who is my better self, I put off all these necessary Niceties, and, contrary to Custom, do that Office which no way befits a Woman, and intreat a Man to Live : If you are Humane, and have Blood and Spirit, you cannot chuse but relent : Though you are as hard as Marble, yet I believe you are no Image ; Is it not deplorable, that a
Thing

Thing of so exact a Form, shap'd out with so true a Symmetry, that has all the Organs of Speech belonging to a Man, should render all those but lifeless Motions that walk upon Wires? Then, dear Sir, leave off what you have been, and be what God and Nature intended you for, a Man, and embrace that real Love, which is unfeignedly offer'd you in Matrimony, by your most affectionate Lover,

D. C.

This Courtship of hers came to no Perfection; but by how much the more she was slighted by this Son of Mars, by so much the more she was admir'd by one William Leech an Attorney, bred at Lion's-Inn, who often told her in the midst of his Passion, her Presence was so dear unto him, her Conversation so Virtuous, and her Humour so pleasing, that he could desire to be in her Company to all perpetuity. The great Respect he had for her may be seen by the following Letter sent to her, on her absence in the Country for about a Week.

Madam,

I Have led so sorrowful a Life since the Day of your departure, that if I should recount it to the most insensible Souls in the World, 'tis credible they would be mov'd to Compassion; yet I do not desire to stir up that Passion in you, sufficing my self that you take Notice of it, to the end that you may make no doubt of my Love, and less of my Constancy. I must tell you then, that having lost both my Appetite and Repose, I pass over whole Nights without Sleep. I may seek contentment to a fair purpose in the Conversation of my Friends; but I can find it only in Solitude, where my Friends as ingenious as your self to increase my Affliction, represent nothing to me but your Cruelty. Judge now if I be not one of the most wretched Lovers in the World: Yet my Consolation is in this, that I suffer all these Afflictions for the most worthy Creature living, and for whom I would lose a Thousand Lives, as being, Madam, your most faithful Servant, and most faithful Lover,

W. L.

Finding

Finding her self slighted by Quarter-master *Cade*, she had somewhat of a sneaking Kindness for this Attorney, and would have extended her Favours farther towards him, in case he had made good the latter Part of the abovesaid Letter, containing the Rhodomontado, *for whom I would lose a Thousand Lives*; But a certain Gentleman once calling her Whore, which he so highly resented, as to Challenge him to make satisfaction for the Affront in a Duel at *Barn-Elms*; never meeting his Antagonist, who was there at the Time appointed, to decide the Matter by dint of Sword, he had not only his Head broke for his Cowardice, but also lost the good Opinion of his Sweetheart, who afterwards abhorr'd his Company with the greatest Disdain imaginable. 'Tis true, the Amour of Mr. *Leech* was honourable, as designing to make her his; nevertheless this Disgrace begetting her eternal Hatred, she gave Encouragement to a *Surgeon* to be her Favourite; whose wheedling Tongue got such an Ascendant over her Heart, that he brought her to write *Woman* without the Ceremony of Wedlock.

Whilst they cohabited together as Man and Wife, which was about Ten Months, he maintain'd her at such an extravagant Rate, that running over Head and Ears in Debt, he was oblig'd to go to Sea; and shortly after happening to be in Company with the Reverend Doctor *Oats*, he was not so intirely addicted to *Sodomy*, but that he could dispense to allay the Titillation of Nature with the Female Sex; for now being charm'd with the pleasant Conversation and irresistable Beauty of *Mrs. Dorothy Crew*, from that Time forwards he became her humble Servant, and so continued by keeping her for his Mistress above a Year, when being committed to Goayl, he was try'd upon an Information of Perjury, shewing how that he had sworn falsely to a Consult of *Jesuits*, at the *White-horse Tavern*, in the Tryal of *Ireland, Pickering, and Grove*; and upon an Information of Perjury, which did set forth, that he being a Witness for the King at the Tryals of *Ireland* and the *Five Jesuits*, did therein Swear, that *Ireland* was in Town at certain Times when he was not, and being found
Guilty

Guilty of both Indictments, Mr. Justice *Withyns* pronounc'd the Judgment of the Court upon him, on *Saturday* the 9th of *May*, 1685, which was this; *First*, That he should pay for a Fine One Thousand Marks upon each Indictment. *Second*, That he should be stript of all his Canonical Habits. *Third*, That he should stand in the Pillory before *Westminster-Hall* Gate upon *Monday* next, for an Hours time between Ten and Twelve a Clock, with a Paper over his Head (which he must first walk with round about to all the Courts in *Westminster-Hall*) declaring his Crime, and that was upon the First Indictment. *Fourth*, That for the Second Indictment, he should upon *Tuesday* stand at the Pillory at the *Royal-Exchange* in *London*, for an Hour, between Twelve and Two, with the same Inscription. *Fifth*, On *Wednesday*, that he should be Whip'd from *Aldgate* to *Newgate*. *Sixth*, On *Friday*, that he should be Whip'd from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, by the Hands of the common Hangman. *Seven*, And for annual Commemorations, that upon every 24th of *April*, as long as he

should live, he was to stand in the Pillory at *Tyburn*, just opposite to the Gallows, for an Hour between Ten and Twelve. *Eighth*, That upon every 9th of *August*, he was to stand in the Pillory at *Westminster-Hall Gate*, because he had sworn that *Mr. Ireland* was in Town between the 8th and 12th of *August*. *Ninth*, That on every 10th of *August*, he was to stand in the Pillory at *Charing-Cross* for an Hour, between Ten and Twelve. *Tenth*, The like overagainst the *Temple-Gate*, every 11th of *August*. *Eleventh*, And that upon every 2d of *September* (another notorious Day) he was to do the like at the *Royal-Exchange* for an Hour, between Twelve and Two, and be committed a close Prisoner as long as he liv'd.

This *Mrs. Dorothy Crew* being depriv'd of her spiritual Gallant, who, when at Liberty, allow'd her Forty Shillings a Week to live on, she was then obliged to accept of the Kindness of one *Sir John Davidfon*, a Captain in *Colonel Fitz-Patrick's Regiment*, with whom going into *Flanders*, she had not been long there, before her
Spark

Spark was kill'd in a Duel by his Colonel ; now being reduc'd to very pressing Necessities in a strange Country, where she was altogether Friendless, the Thoughts of her low Condition driving her into deep Despair, she drown'd her self in the *Maese*, aged 26 Years.

Mrs.

*Mrs. Elizabeth Rosdel, and
Prince Lewis of Baden.*

THIS Person was the youngest of Three Daughters to one Mr. *Willis*, a Gentleman of about Four Hundred Pounds a Year, living in the City of *Normich*, and to whom at his Death, he left One Thousand Pounds apiece for their Portions. Next Door to their Mother lodg'd an old *Mountebank*, who seeing this harmless Creature coming every Day from a School where she learnt the *French* Tongue, he observ'd her to be a very pretty Girl, but withal to look very Melancholly. She seem'd to him to be yet too young for Love to be the Cause of her apparent Grief, neither was it, indeed, from that Fountain she derived it. All this while he durst not venture to put a Question to her, though he perceiv'd she had a Mind to speak with him; in short, one *Saturday* Night she told him so in the Street. He ask'd her whether she could not come to his Lodging the next Day while her Mother

ther was at Church, when she might have an opportunity to say what she pleas'd ; she told him that she could very well, and that she would come without fail. At Two a Clock in the Afternoon he kept a good look-out ; It was not long before his Patient came, and he conducted her into his Chamber, he then askt her what it was she had to say to him ? She began with shedding a Flood of Tears, infomuch that he could hardly make her refrain ; which when she did, her Sobs would not suffer her to speak. After having chear'd her, she told him, she would entrust him with an Affair which almost broke her Heart. It was, that her Mother was continually a Scolding, and telling her she would always be a Beast. She added, That these cursed Prognostications of her Mother were of that Efficacy, that sure enough she expected no better than to become a Beast indeed ; for that already the Hair began to appear about a certain Part, which Decency commands to pass over in Silence. With that she renew'd her Tears, crying out, she had rather die a Thousand times than her Body should

should grow all over Hairy. So much Innocence touch'd the Mountebank to the Quick; nevertheless he embrac'd her, and assured her, that he had a Remedy which would hinder the Predictions of her Mother from taking Effect; but, that above all Things she must keep it secret, which she readily promised to do. However, as she affected to be thought very Religious, he made her Swear that she would never speak a Word of it to any Person living, nor did she hesitate in the least to take an Oath. Then he told her, that his Science did not go so far as to make that vanish which was already come up; but only to prevent the spreading of it any farther; he added, That he must perform a small Operation of Three or Four Minutes, which would perhaps prove a little painful to her; she answer'd with an extraordinary Courage, That was he to cut off one of her Fingers, she would patiently undergo it. Seeing this hopeful Disposition, he made no more ado but view'd the Place she complain'd of. O! what Charms did he there discover; moreover, his absence from his Wife for some Weeks, and

and the good Chear he had indulg'd himself in, made him as vigorous as if he had been but Thirty years of Age; besides, that the Presence of that innocent, but lovely Girl, was no small Addition to his Strength: Nevertheless he had he knew not what reluctancy to abuse the Credulity of the tender Victim, he was about to Sacrifice to his lascivious Ardours; however, being an old Sinner, he suffer'd himself to be overcome by his fornicating Nature. In short, he robb'd her of her Honour: She underwent the Operation with an admirable Constancy, uttering only a few Sighs, which tended only to animate him the more. Afterwards he regaled her with Sweetmeats, and People being now almost ready to come from Church, he let her go; but first engag'd her to come and see him several Sundays after one another, to repeat that sweet Operation which he perswaded her was necessary to the End she desired. Nor did she fail to pay him Visits Six more Sundays successively, pursuant to his Advice. At the expiration of that Time, he told her it was enough; not but that he

he wish'd with all his Soul to continue longer this young Things Doctor; but dreading the Effects of her great Belly, he pack'd up his Awls and went to *Coventry*, to prevent the Charge of keeping a Young Child.

In Nine Months Time, this Creature was deliver'd of a fine Boy, to the great surprize of its Grandmother, who turn'd her Daughter, when up again, out of Doors, for bringing this Disgrace upon her Family. Then this deluded Gentlewoman, whose Child died at Six Weeks old, coming up to *London*, her great Beauty and genteel Carriage soon procur'd her a Husband, which was one *Mr. Rosdel*, a Butcher in *Clare-Market*; but he being of a very jealous Temper, was most unkind to her, and, in less than a Year after he was married, left off his Trade, and list'd himself for a Horse Granadier; a little after which, he went into *Flanders*, where he was kill'd at the Fight of *Landen*.

Still the Mother being not reconcil'd to *Mrs. Rosdel*, meer Necessity compell'd her to turn Jilt; and by reading those pernicious Books, the

School

School of Venus, and *Tullia and Octavia*, she became a very lewd Woman. In a little Time she became very expert in the Art and Mystery of Whoredom, maintaining one *Benwel* (who serv'd an Apprentiship with Mr. *Goslin* the great Operator for Teeth, and was afterwards hang'd at *Dublin* in *Ireland* for Robbing on the Highway) to go on the *Buttock and Twang* with her; which is picking up a Cully, and going into a dark Ally with him under pretence of not exposing her self in a publick House, whilst he's Groping her with his Breeches perhaps down, she picks his Pocket; and then by a Hem, giving Notice she has succeeded, her Spark presently comes and knocks down the robb'd Person, which gives the Strumpet the favourable opportunity of making her Escape. But she went most upon the *Buttock and File*, which is taking a Cully to a Bawdy-House, where making him Drunk with short Quartern-Pots, the Bottoms whereof are in the middle of 'em, she then picks his Pocket, and leaves him to pay a good Reckoning into the Bargain.

This

This miserable Course of Life she follow'd from Seventeen Years of Age till she was near Thirty, so that her Beauty beginning to fade, she was forc'd to have recourse to Paint and Patches, and still living most Vicious her Person was much out of Repair; however, Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* coming to the Court of *England*, and seeing Mrs. *Elizabeth Rosdel* at the Play-house, he took such a Fancy to her, that enquiring of her where she lodg'd, he promis'd to pay her a Visit. Next Morning he was as good as his Word, for he waited on her at her Lodging, and happen'd to surprize her in her Disabilie; but for fear he should pop upon her unawares, she had taken special care to remove all Nufances, having pick'd the Gum out of the Corners of her Eyes, lickt up a few Caraway-seeds to sweeten her Breath, rubb'd behind her Ears with a little Orange-Flower Water, and taken away the Froufiness of her Arm-pits with a Puff or two of Jessamine-Powder; so that he found the delicious Creature, when he gave her a Salute, in as sweet a Condition as a Trunk full of
of

of Linnen laid up in Lavender ; and had he kist the Breech of a *Civit-Cat*, his Senses cou'd not have been refresh'd with a greater Fragrancy. Now inviting her to an Entertainment at his Lodgings, she was an Hour or Two in bringing her Head-dress, Hoods, and Under-shams in subjection to her Fancy ; and all this while this *German* Hero contemplated her Countenance with great Admiration, when perhaps another, as she was now past the best, would have perceiv'd no more Alteration for the better, than is to be found in a *Negro's* Complexion, after scouring his infernal Face with a Pound of Soap, or a Quart of *Hungary* Water. After she had spent a great deal of Time in the unnecessary quidling of her Ornaments, he conducted her in his Coach to his Lodgings, where to retaliate his Favour of treating her with a most Sumptuous Banquet, and the present of a Purse of Gold, she swindgingly pox'd this Prince of the Empire ; and in less than half a Year after, she died half eaten up with that foul and poisonous Disease in the 35th Year of her Age.

Mrs.

*Mrs. Alice Smalwood, and
Handsome Fielding.*

MRS. *Alice Smalwood* was the Daughter of a very good Gentleman in *Yorkshire*, and being sent up to *London* to better her Breeding and Education, at a Ball she settled her Affections on a Gentleman, who absolutely slighting 'em, though she was a witty and beautiful Virgin, she in Discontent went to an Uncle in *Barbadoes*, who dying in two Years after her arrival in that Countrey, she came to *England*, with a Portion of Two Thousand Pounds which he had left her at her own disposal. At the same time her Father and Mother being in *London*, who design'd to give her Two Thousand Pounds more, the Noise thereof brought her several Suitors, of whom she most affected one Mr. *John Try*, a very Handsome Man of about Nineteen, rather Tall than Short, admirably well Shap'd, and of a fair Complexion; moreover, having a good Estate, he had gain'd the Esteem of her

her Parents, and in the Opinion of the World, would carry the beautiful Prize from the rest of the numerous Pretenders.

At the same Time, a young Doctor of Physick named Mr. *James Wilson*, coming from *Oxford*, and paying her Father a Visit, with whom he was intimately acquainted, he was at first sight so captivated by the Beauty of Mrs. *Alice*, that though his Discretion forbid him making any publick Application to her, by Reason her Fortune exceeded his; yet he flatter'd himself with Hopes of Success, if he could by any Means divert the intended Marriage between her and Mr. *Try*, who being lately much wounded in a Duel, it was above Four Months before he was perfectly cur'd. After several Considerations how to effect his Purpose, at last he resolv'd to try how far the mysterious Secrets of his own Art and Profession could assist his Design, and accordingly prepar'd an Opiate Powder, which he had compounded of such Ingredients as he thought most proper, and waited an opportunity to give it Mrs. *Alice* in such a Vehicle, as would admit

admit no Discovery. Three Days after Doctor *Wilson*, who lodg'd in her Father's House, came down from his Study, and found the Gentlewoman in the Kitchen, making a Pot of *Chocolate* for the Entertainment of some Friends in the Parlour; she offer'd him a Dish, who thank'd her, and said he would accept it upon Terms that she would Drink another; which being agreed to, he privately convey'd the Opiate Powder into her Dish without any Suspicion. About an Hour after, the Powder began to Operate so effectually, that though she endeavour'd to divert the Drowsiness which had so strangely crept upon her, by walking in the Garden, and other violent Agitations, yet at last it prevail'd, and she was forc'd to retire to her Chamber, where she repos'd her self upon the Bed, charm'd into a deep Sleep by the powerful Medicine. Doctor *Wilson* narrowly watch'd her, and seeing her go into the Chamber follow'd after, and there found her upon the Bed fast asleep; whereupon observing the rest of the Family were otherwise busied, thought he might now prosecute his

his wicked Design, and Locking the Chamber Door, treacherously robb'd the sleeping Gentlewoman of her Honour and Virginity, which her waking Virtue had constantly defended against all the Temptations of Lust, and Charms of Love. The Doctor having thus far accomplish'd his Ends, open'd the Door, and went out undiscover'd, leaving *Mrs. Alice* fast asleep, who continu'd so for several Hours, till the soporific Virtue of the Powder was extinguish'd, and then wak'd, without being in the least sensible of the Injury she had receiv'd from those villainous Practices of the *Doctor*, but as pleasing Dreams, or the sportive Frolicks of Fancy and Imagination presented her with. Doctor *Wilson* two Days after took his leave, and return'd to *Oxford*, expecting with Impatience, the Issue of this odd Experiment. He had not been gone above a Month before *Mrs. Alice* was very much indispos'd and kept her Chamber; she was now grown Pale and Lean, her Eyes were Livid and Hollow, and all the Expressions of her Tongue spoke an inward and a settled Discontent of Mind.

Mind. Mr. *Smalwood* and his Wife were no less afflicted, and advised with several of the most Eminent *Physicians* what should be the Cause of her Distemper, and what the most proper and speedy Cure? They all agreed she was with Child, and her Disease no other than the natural Infirmities of Women in such Cases, which her Parents heard with Horreur and Amazement. The *Doctors* being gone, her Father and Mother with Tears in their Eyes conjur'd her to tell the Truth, and discover who was that lustful Paramour that had dispoil'd her of her Honour, and brought that Stain and Infamy upon their Family, which all their Tears were not able to wash away. Mrs. *Alice*, with no less Trouble and Astonishment, deny'd the Guilt of such lewd Debaucheries, and by all the sacred Powers of Heaven protested her Innocence and unspotted Chastity; her Sighs, Tears, and passionate Imprecations, persuaded her Parents at last to think the *Doctors* mistaken in their Judgments, and that the swelling of her Belly, which they consider'd as an Argument of her Pregnancy,

was

was occasioned by a *Tympany*, or some other preter-natural Tumour, which was the real Cause of her present Distemper.

Sometime after, Doctor *Wilson* came to *London* again, and paying Mr. *Smalwood* a Visit, was inform'd that his Daughter had been very ill for two Months past, in which Time she had not stirr'd out of her Chamber. Being admitted to see her, after he had exprest his Respects and Sorrow for her present Illness, desired to feel her Pulse, and after several other critical Observations, more for Form than any thing else, he took his leave, and told her Mother, that was he not assur'd by all those infallible Symptoms he had observ'd, that she was with Child, her solemn Protestations to the contrary would almost persuade him to credit what she had said in her own Vindication: Upon which, her Mother ask'd him if it was possible for a Woman to conceive in her Sleep, without being sensible of the Pleasures of Fruition, and the Person she enjoy'd; to which the Doctor answer'd it was possible, and that we might observe it in several

M

Person

Persons, who walk in their Sleep, and do those several Acts of which they have no Remembrance when they wake. This one Argument prevail'd with Mr. *Smalwood* and his Wife to believe their Daughter was with Child, and at the same Time innocent of the Guilt, and ignorant of the Person; for she had oftentimes walk'd her Chamber when asleep, and sometimes down into the Dairy, and so to Bed again, without remembering one tittle of it next Morning. After several Considerations of what was to be done in a Matter of so much Difficulty, the *Doctor* told 'em, that if they thought him a worthy Husband for their Daughter he would Marry her immediately, nor did he value her being with Child, nor who was the Father, since he was so well satisfied her Soul was immaculate and pure, though her Reputation was stain'd; and that the preserving her Fame, and the Honour of so good a Family, was more dear to him than any private Interest or respect to himself. Mr. *Smalwood* was infinitely pleased to hear the *Doctor* express himself in those Terms, and after

ter his most particular Thanks, telling him he approv'd of the Match, in a few Days they were privately married, having Four Thousand Pounds with her; and shortly after, her Parents dying, they left her Two Thousand Pounds more. In a short time it happen'd one Day after Dinner, that the *Doctor* being in a most pleasant Humour, and the Discourse of the Company leading to it, he told 'em by what Trick he had married his Wife, at which they seem'd very much surpriz'd; but in Compliment commended his Design which had now crown'd him with so bountiful a Success. His Spouse bit her Lip, and by change of Colour, discover'd the inward Perplexity of her Thoughts; nor could she altogether refrain from some passionate Expressions of her Resentment, that she should lie under the great Scandal of a Whore, and lose her Lover Mr. Try, whom she lov'd dearer than her Life, and be so basely betray'd into a Marriage contrary to her Will. Some time after she writ a Letter to Mr. Try, and acquainted him with all the Circumstances of this Relation, who was ex-

treably troubled at it ; and upon the first Discourse of her being with Child, had utterly forsaken her, and never since seen her. The Discovery of this Intrigue created a more particular Love and Respect between Mr. Try and her, who readily agreed to revenge the Injury they had both receiv'd from the faithless *Doctor*, by abusing his Bed in their Adulterous Enjoyments, and charging his Forehead with the shameful Emblem of a Cuckold. Thus did they continue in their unlawful Pleasures, till the *Doctor* grew sensible of it, and to be reveng'd on his Wife, he confess'd a Judgment to a Friend, who seizing on all he had, turn'd his Wife out of House and Home. She being now in a desolate Condition, and deserted also by Mr. Try, by Reason he shortly after married, she was forced to accept of the Favours of Handsome *Fielding*, who falling in Love with her for her exceeding great Beauty, he kept her as his Mistress ; but very often caressing her when he had been drinking hard, taking upon her to chide him for his being so often Drunk, out of a seeming kindness as if it impair'd his Health,

Health, his Vanity would Glory in it
by repeating these Lines in the Earl of
Rochester's prophane Play of Sodom ;

*Just in the Zenith of my Lust I Reign,
I drink to S--ve, and S--ve to drink again.*

He maintain'd her eight Months, when
also deserting her, upon the account
of marrying that noted Courtezan
Mary Wadsworth, who personated one
Madam Delaune, a great Fortune, worth
Thirty Thousands Pounds, she took it
so to Heart, that she poyson'd her self
in the 20th Year of her Age.

M 3

Madam

*Madam Baxter, and Charles
Reneuf, Esq;.*

MAdam *Baxter*, was the only Daughter of *William Baxter*, a Gentleman of about Six Hundred Pounds *per Annum*, near *Cirencester* in *Glocestershire*, and in her Minority was as Chast as Beautiful, and most delighted at Home in the Contemplation of Virtue, and Enjoyment of a solitary Retirement. The excellent Graces of her had render'd her desirable to several Persons of a suitable Condition, but none were agreeable to her Father, (who being of a covetous Disposition, consulted more his own Judgment and Convenience, than his Daughter's Affection and Liking) till Fortune and blind Love brought a Wooer as unsuitable to the Youth of this young Virgin, as he was acceptable to the greedy Mind of her Parents.

This Gentlewoman being about Eighteen Years of Age, one Dr. *Monkton*, an antient, but very eminent Physician, riding to a Patient in the Country, the
Wheel

Wheel of his Coach broke as he pass'd by Mr. *Baxter's* Door, (who being in his Porch) invited the Doctor into his House whilst the Coach was making fit, which Invitation the Doctor readily accepted, and there first saw the handsome Mrs. *Baxter*, whose Wit and Beauty had such powerful Charms over him, that notwithstanding the Snow that cover'd his Head; and the Chilnefs of Sixty Winters that had benumb'd his Flesh, he found the Ice, which the Frost of Age had congeal'd about his Heart, began to melt, and all the fiery Passions of a youthful Lover play in his Breast, which he strove to lay with powerful Maxims, and prudent Morals, but all prov'd weak and defenceless against the more powerful Artillery of Love; he finds his youthful Thoughts to spring up a new, and the Image of the Beautiful and Modest Mrs. *Baxter* never from his sight, which made him renew his Visits, till by daily Converse his Flames encreasing, he was forc'd to declare to her Father his Passion, and the Desire he had of making her his Wife, who readily embraced his Motion,

tion, and commanded his Daughter to entertain him as her Lover.

Now this grave Doctor is become a Child again, ridiculously acting over at Threescore all the Follies of a youthful Lover ; he makes Court to this young Virgin of Eighteen, plays with her Hands, looks old Babies in her Eyes, discourses to her of Love, Fire and Flamè, makes Verses and Sonnets in praise of her Wit and Beauty ; but whilst he thus plays the Lover and Gallant, she seems to act the Stoick and Philosopher, by representing to him the evil Effects which such unequal Marriages might produce, tells him his Flame will soon vanish and decay, and that his Love is but an *Ignis fatuus*, a wandring and erroneous Fire, that will lead him at last into a Thousand Inconveniences, and precipitate him into the Pit of Jealousy ; that though she should be never so vigilant and circumspect over her Actions, his Age and her Youth would give Grounds for the World to asperse her Honour, though never so White and Innocent ; That she could not have any Passion for him,

him, and that without Love, Marriage would be a double Yoke, and very intolerable Burthen.

But the Doctor was Deaf to these Speeches, to the great Grief of the modest Maid ; and amongst the many Conquests which her Beauty had obtain'd, and that seem'd to stand first in her Esteem and Favour of the Number of those who made their Addresses and Courtship to her, was one *Charles Reneuf Esquire*, a young Gentleman of a comely Personage, born in the Isle of *Guernsey*, and was a Captain in that Troop formerly call'd the Earl of *Oxford's*, but being a younger Brother his Fortune was but slender ; yet in regard of the constant and sincere Love he bore to *Madam Baxter*, had the Happiness to be at last blest with a reciprocal and mutual Affection from her, and so far prevail'd upon her, to gain her consent to the uniting of their Hearts in sacred Matrimony, so soon as her Father's Approbation should be obtain'd. But they both solicited the old Man in vain, for he would by no means hear the Suit of a needy Soldier ; but

M 5 more

more eagerly prest forward the Match with the Doctor his Rival, who had a great many Baggs of Money to make him successful in his Amours.

All this Mrs. *Baxter* was sensible of, neither was she ignorant of the covetous Inclinations of her Father; she therefore discreetly begins to lessen the Hopes of Captain *Reneuf*, doubting her Duty and Obedience must take place of Love; for she was inform'd by her Father, that he had concluded the Match with the Doctor, that her Portion and Joynture was settled, the Day fixt for the solemnization of their Nuptials, and therefore was commanded to prepare herself for the Wedding. However, she was resolv'd first to take her Farewel, and last Meeting of her beloved Captain *Reneuf*, which she perform'd the Night before her Marriage. What past betwixt these two Lovers was very Moving and Tender, and the poor Captain receiv'd her last Farewel with as great Emotion of Spirit, as a condemn'd Malefactor his Sentence of Death; nevertheless he was persuaded to preserve that Life which was not unpleasing to her

After

After the Celebration of their Nuptials, the Doctor carries her Home to his House in the City of *Glocester*; who would have been priz'd as a greater Treasure by any other Person than this covetous Miser, whose short liv'd Flame was too violent to continue. His Age at length declares him Impotent, yet such was the Virtue of Mrs. *Baxter*, whom I may now call *Monkton*, that she was most delighted when she could contrive any Thing to the Content and Pleasure of her Husband; and said, She should enjoy more Satisfaction with him (since they were elpoused) at a slender Entertainment, than to swim in the most luxurious Plenty of a *Seraglio*.

Now her former Lover Captain *Renuef* (by the Death of his Elder Brother) is become Heir to a plentiful Estate, in the Isle of *Guernsey*, and refuses many rich Matches and beautiful Ladies, whose Charms could not deface the Image he bore in his Mind of Madam *Monkton*; whom he esteem'd as a Jewel of greater worth than all his Lands and rich Possessions. Now he rides strait to *Glocester*, to enjoy

enjoy a Sight of this beautiful Image which so frequently represented it self before him, and to inform her both of his good Fortune and firm Resolutions of living only for her, still hoping that the declining Winter of Age will at last give Place to the Spring of Youth, and that he shall be made happy in the Possession of his Love ; but his Journey was in vain, for all his Artifices and Stratagems to speak with her were defeated ; neither would she be seen nor spoke to by him, as doubting that the former Sparks of her Affection might re-kindle at his Sight.

In great discontent then Captain *Reneuf* went to *London*, and Madam *Monkeon* was well pleas'd with the Departure of him, as hoping now to enjoy an undisturb'd Repose. But, alas ! her Hopes were vain ; for the Lord *W——* having several times seen her at Church, he was more attentive on her Beauty than his Devotion ; the Splendor and Beams of which had heated his Breast with a lustful and impure Fire. Greatness begets Respect, and commands an entrance into almost all Places ; the Do-
ctors

stor's Doors which were almost shut to all the World, were open'd to this Lord, and the Doctor thought himself Honoured by his Visits, whom he entertains with Freedom and Joy, hoping by the Friendship of this Nobleman to obtain great Advancement. It was not long e'er his Lordship acquainted the Doctor's Wife with his Love, and made many rich Presents to her, which she refus'd, as knowing his ill Design was to invade her Honour and Virtue. He therefore feeds her Husband with hopes of great Preferment; and one Day the Doctor being at this Lord's House, his Lordship taking him into his Closet, and shewing the Sum of Two Thousand Guineas, quoth he, *You may, Sir, by an easie Purchase, if you please, become Master of all this Gold.* The Doctor was not backward to enquire which Way? to which Question the Lord reply'd, *That he must confess he was passionately in Love with his Wife, that he had courted and solicited her several Times, though without that success some young and brisker Gallant might probably be blest with, and at an easier Purchase than he could expect; for* he

he knew that a Person who had seen the change and vicissitudes of Sixty Winters, could not always satisfy the craving Desires of Youth; that he would exchange all that Gold (a real Substance) with him for one Night's Lodging with his Wife, which was no more than a transitory Pleasure; and pay one Moiety now down, if he consented, and the other half when the Business was effected.

The Doctor's Eyes being dazzled at the sight of this Gold, he accepted of the Proposal; so within a few Days after, this old Cuff going to the Lord's House, where all Things being in readiness, as they before had contriv'd, late in the Evening Madam Monkton receives her Husband's Ring, with a Message from him, that he was taken with a desperate Fit of Sickness, and that she should by that Token know it was his Desire to have her come immediately to him in his Lordship's Coach, which he had sent for her; the Gentlewoman concluded her Husband was dying, and out of Duty went with the Messenger in the Lord's Coach; when arriving at his House, she was lit up Stairs by the
Servants,

Servants, and conducted into a very stately Chamber, richly adorn'd, and sweetly perfum'd, in which were several Lights, and in the midst a rich embroyder'd Bed. The Servants withdrew, and whilst she steps to the Bed to seek her Husband, whom she suppos'd Sick, and laid there, the Lord enters the Room, and shuts the Door fast; then throwing her on the Bed, he violently (in spite of all her Shrieks and Struglings) ravish'd Madam *Monkton*; who, highly resenting this Affront, to be reveng'd on her Husband, she went strait to *London*, where finding out Captain *Renueuf*, she liv'd in Incontinency with him, to the great Mortification of the Doctor, who considering the Shame and Ignominy his ill-made Bargain had cast on his Honour and Reputation, took it so to Heart, that he died in less than Two Months after; but she did not survive him above three Years, at which Time she died of the Small-Pox, *Anno 1712*, in the 22d Year of her Age.

Madam

Madam Davis, and the Lord Mohun.

MAdam *Elizabeth Davis* originally was but the Daughter of a Farmer living near *Chester*, who being a very beautiful Creature, her Father's Landlord Mr. B — — h, a Gentleman of *Grays-Inn*, and whose Mother was then living, fell in Love with her; and tho' she was born in the Country, yet had her Wit or Person any thing clownish, or unseemly, but only her Clothes. This young Gentleman being extreamly inflamed with the Love of this Nymph, imagin'd that her Father and her self having such Obligations to him, he should easily induce her to consent to his Amorous Desire; but he was exceedingly disappointed, when upon proposing something of that nature, he found this chaste Creature utterly untractable, which he at first suppos'd was occasion'd for want of Breeding, or being unus'd to such Addresses; and therefore, tho' he Wink'd, Sung, and used all such Gestures,

tures, as Persons in Love-Practices do discover their Passion, yet her Eyes, Tongue, nor Behaviour, did not give him the least Encouragement to hope for Success; since upon all Occasions she endeavour'd to avoid him, and seem'd to take no notice of his Amours.

But finding she could no longer avoid his Importunity, she very discreetly acquaints his Mother of his Proceeding toward her, who being a Lady extraordinary Jealous of her Honour, and very careful of the Reputation of her Family, she no sooner understood this Passion of her Son, but she reprov'd him very severely, and gave him such sharp and convincing Reprehensions and Reasons, that had he been capable of Instruction, they would certainly have reclaim'd him from the fond Humour which had possess'd his Mind; but his Love had so blinded him, that he little regarded her profitable Admonitions; he still persists obstinately in pursuit of *Betty*, and designing if possible to prevail, he promises her Marriage; but she, tho' an Innocent Country Girl, prefer'd her Honesty above all the Wealth and Honour

Honour in the World; and besides, there was one main Obstacle; for she had long before engag'd in her Affections to a young Man of her own Quality, whom she lov'd as dearly as her Life; so that her Loyalty to her first Love, and her Fear lest Mr. B — should at any time take any Advantage of her Weakness, oblig'd her to be very cautious and wary; for tho' this Gallant pursu'd her with Oaths, Vows, and Tears, yet she was sensible they would be of little Value if she should condescend to his Request. This Resistance makes his Passion more vehemement, so that it reduc'd him almost to Fury and Despair; if at first he only jested with her about Marriage, yet finding no other way to satisfy his Desires, he now requires in good earnest that he might have her to his Wife; and the more his Mother laughs at and slight's this Proposition, the more obstinate he grows: And understanding that his young Neighbour *Robert Payne* was belov'd by this Maid, he vows he will be the Death of him where-ever he meets him; which caus'd the poor Fellow to avoid, as much as possible, the Sight of this furious Lover. The

The Parents of *Betty*, by the Lady's desire, Lock'd up their Daughter, so that she scarce saw the Sun for many Days; upon which Mr. *B*—— grows more enraged, and seems like a Man without Sense or Reason, which so inflam'd his Blood that he fell into a violent Fever, which arriv'd to that height, that the Physicians judg'd his Disease mortal; he continually Raves and calls for *Betty*, and nothing will satisfy him but the Sight of her. The prudent Mother was deeply concern'd at this Accident, and could not bear the Thought of the Loss of her eldest Son, whom she counted the chief Pillar of her House; She knew his Distemper very well, and doubting that Contradiction would encrease it, she resolves to do with him as they do with Lunatieks, whose Fancies, how extravagant soever, must never be oppos'd; so that by Degrees complying with his Humour, she promis'd him, that upon his Recovery he should have *Betty*; and therefore when he grew dull, she sent for this Lass; but instead of furthering his Health, the Sight of her had almost cast him into a Relapse;
for

for hearing her, according to his Mother's Instructions, speak kindly to him, and give him hopes of her Love, he was so overjoy'd that his Fever return'd with more Violence and Danger than at first; but it soon after quite left him, and he sensibly got Strength, so that he was able to go about.

For a Week he grew better and better; but still talking of *Betty* in very passionate Ravings, she was sent for again; and being left together in a Room by themselves, his Protestations and Vows of honourable Intentions towards her, won so much her Heart, that forgetting her former Lover, she promis'd sincerely to be at his Disposal; but with such Caution, that his Mother thought *Betty* would not in the least comply to any thing against her Inclinations. In a Fortnight more Mr. B—h was so well recover'd, that he put all things in order to go for *London*; and proceeding on his Journey, *Betty Davis* met him at *Coventry*, from whence he brought her to *Grays-Inn*, and there debauch'd her.

When the Heat of his Lust was over, slighting her, she resented it so much,

much, that tho' he wou'd have settled an Annuity of Fifty Pounds *per annum* on her during Life, yet the Haughtiness of her Spirit was so great, that rather than be compliable to his Humour, she became a common Woman of the Town, till her irregular Course of Life had brought her so much in Debt among *Tally-men*, that they threw her into the *Poultry-Compter*, from whence she was by a *Duci* sent to *Newgate*; where she had been reduced to great want, if a certain Gentleman, who was there at the same time a Prisoner, had not maintain'd her for five Months, and then likewise set her at Liberty. When being abroad, and one Night at the Playhouse, the Lord *Mohun* happen'd to become acquainted with her; and being captivated with her incomparable Beauty, as well as uncommon Wit, the Addresses of such a Noble Spark engag'd her to be at his Service. Indeed he was so fond of this new Prize, that esteeming her to be the most delicious Triumph he ever obtain'd under the Banners of *Venus* and young *Cupid*, he settled on her a Love-Pension, to the Value of Four Hundred

Hundred Pounds a Year, which she fairly enjoy'd for two Years and four Months ; when it being his Fate to be justly kill'd by Duke Hamilton in a Duel fought in Hyde-Park, on Saturday the 15th of November 1712. she lost her yearly Allowance ; and then being driven to great Necessities again, she was thrown into Woodstreet-Compter, upon an Action of Eighty Four Pounds, where she had not been above Three Months, before she died dead-drunk with drinking Geneva, aged about Twenty Three Years.

Thus we conclude the miserables Lives,
Of Harlots ; whether Virgins, Widows,
(Wives,
As first ; and Misery must be the Fate
Of most notorious Strumpets soon or late.

FINIS.

